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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

June 22, 1960

PRICE



BETTINA: Aly's one true love— pages 8, 9, 10.



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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JUNE 22, 1960

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● To follow "Bettina, Aly Khan's One True Love" (pages 8 to 12), an equally fascinating story of the playboy Prince, who died after a recent road accident, begins in our next issue.

WHEN Hazel Tully, one of our sub-editors, told us she had met Aly Khan with a theatre party in London in 1954, we asked for a detailed description of the Prince.

Hazel told us: "The most interesting thing about my five-minute meeting with the Prince was finding that there was nothing dramatic about him.

"He wasn't handsome. His height was medium and his figure inclined to be plump.

"His hair was getting thin and greying a little. His features were rather on the squashy side (without being really squashy).

"He looked neither flamboyant nor retiring; neither rich nor poor.

"But he had a pleasant, unaffected voice, neither loud nor soft, and the things he said were pleasant, happy things.

"To sum up: Though he wasn't the least bit spectacular, he did seem quite a dear—rather like any woman's nice, comfortable, urbane, reliable brother."

THE authenticity of the descriptions of life in Rome in the delightfully sophisticated story, "A Game for Grown-Ups" (page 25), is not accidental.

Author Mary Wilkinson, of

Kirribilli, a Sydney harborside suburb, lived in Italy for six years.

She loved Italy and hopes to revisit it.

She wrote to our Fiction Department:

"It was wonderful to find espresso and spaghetti bars here on my return.

"All we need now are a few more guitar players and more balconies on our houses for them to play underneath.

"They don't actually do this in Italy any more, but they certainly sing all the time, especially in Naples, where I was living."

ONE item in the official Olympic Games news bulletin at first baffled Cynthia Strachan, who will report the Games for us.

She had been told to expect hot weather in Rome in August-September.

The news bulletin set out the average temperatures for the period—from 17.8 degrees to 24.7 degrees.

It took Cynthia—and two other staff members—a few minutes to realise that the temperatures were in centigrade.

Then how to convert centigrade to fahrenheit? Many more minutes and a couple of phone calls and the answer in fahrenheit—from 69 to 84 degrees.

Our Cover



● Paris model Bettina, recognised by the late Aly Khan's family as the Prince's widow (pages 8 to 12). Although not a conventional beauty, the wonderful bone structure of Bettina's face helped her become a top French mannequin.

INCIDENTALLY, Cynthia's pre-Games jobs took her to the Madigan-Marshall fight at Sydney Stadium (page 7).

In an interview, Tony Madigan told her that before returning to Australia he lived in a "locomotive apartment" at The Village, New York.

"It had four rooms, all in a row, like a train carriage," Tony explained.

Next Week

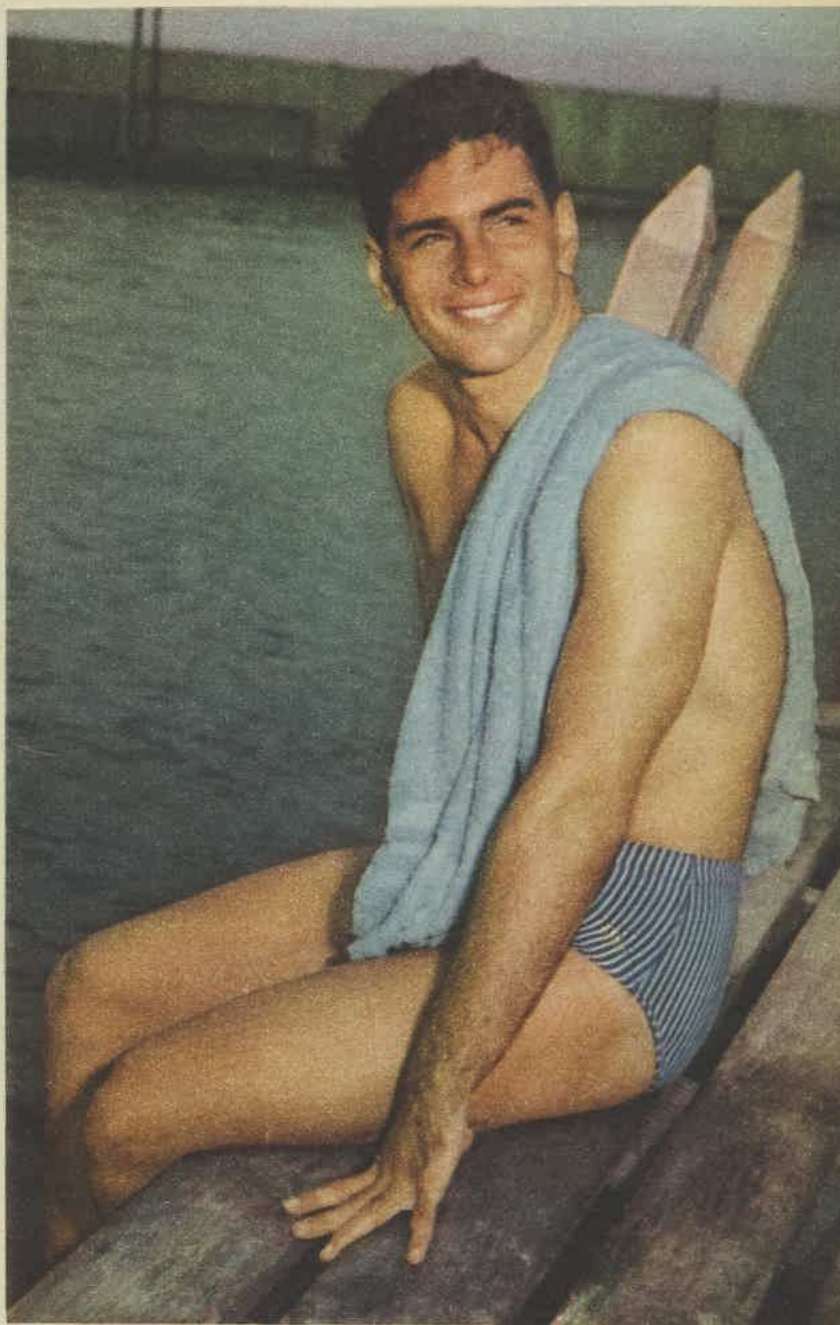
● Directions for knitting identical "his" and "her" sweaters designed specially for teenagers are in Teenagers' Weekly—the 16-page pull-out—in our next issue. The sweaters, perfect for yachting, ski-ing, and weekend wear, are highlighted with contrasting stripes.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—JUNE 22, 1960



GERGAYNIA BECKETT, captain of the women's swimming team for Rome. A backstroke swimmer, she was in the Melbourne Olympics and the Cardiff Empire Games.

Leaders in the big 'gold rush'



JOHN DEVITT, captain of the men's swimming team, is the world's fastest swimmer. John holds the world 110yds. free-style record of 55.1 seconds.

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● In just two months from now an international "gold rush" will begin in Rome, the 1960 Olympic city. Leading the most promising of all Australian Olympic swimming teams will be Gergaynia Beckett and John Devitt.

THEY'VE been chosen to captain the 32-strong swim team—a team which already monopolises most of the world swimming records, and has a mortgage on many of this year's gold medals.

For Gergaynia and John the job of captaincy has already begun, as they'll spend the next six weeks training with the team in the warm winter sunshine of Townsville, Queensland.

Tall, good-looking John Devitt, fastest swimmer in the world—and one of the most popular—was captain of the 1956 Olympic swim team and the 1958 Cardiff Empire Games team. He did such a splendid job that he was an automatic choice this time.

John works as a Sydney sales representative for a leading manufacturer of racing swimsuits and sportswear.

He plans to retire from big-time swimming after the Rome Olympics so that he can concentrate more on his career. Also he plans to marry his schoolgirl sweetheart, pathologist Wendy Hogan, early next year, and he doesn't think marriage and swimming training would mix.

"The truth is that I'm scared of all the teenagers," said John. "The champions are getting younger all the time."

At 23 he is the "old man" of the team, and he's been swimming for 20 years.

"When I was three," John explained, "I went surfing with my father every week, and he taught me how to swim so that I'd be able to look after myself."

"I suppose you could say I was being trained for the Olympics by the time I was seven, because I had a coach and my only thought was to be THE best swimmer."

John competed in his first State Championship at the age of nine, and at 11 won it. From then he went from swimming victory to swimming victory.

Facts for fans: John is 6ft. 1½in. tall; weighs 13 stone 4lb.; was educated at Parramatta Marist Brothers' College, N.S.W. He LOVES food; concentrates on steaks, but eats anything that's properly cooked—even meat pies, except when it's a couple of days before a race. He likes surfing for relaxation; reading best-selling novels; listening to semi-classical music; watching Marlon Brando and Frank Sinatra act.

John's philosophy is: "You must work hard in life for success," and he practises this at work and in swimming.

Gergaynia Beckett—the pretty 19-year-old "carrot-top" who is captaining the women's swim team—is a backstroke champion who, like John Devitt, began swimming when she was just three.

Her early introduction to swimming was made by her parents because, again like John, she also lives near the Manly surf, and they wanted to keep her away from it.

She was still only three when she brought the house down by giving a demonstration swim in overarm and backstroke at a gala carnival at North Sydney Olympic Pool.

Gergaynia, whose father has been among her coaches, is an accountancy student working in a Sydney office.

Because of this, training for the Olympics has turned her daily life into a tough routine.

Each day, right through the summer, she left home at 6 a.m. to train at Manly Pool before catching the ferry to the office. At lunchtime, she raced to the Domain Baths to train again. Straight after work it was Manly and more practice.

It was always at least 8.30 p.m. when she got home for dinner, and after that she still had to study accountancy before falling into bed—to prepare for the following, similarly taxing day.

Like John, Gergaynia plans to retire from competitive swimming after the Rome Games. To explain her reason, she says simply: "There's more to life than swimming."

Facts for fans: Gergaynia is frank-faced, freckled, and fancy-free. Though rather shy, she's self-assured. She enjoys life, and she loves jazz, especially Dave Brubeck.

The question Gergaynia answers more than any other is where she got her unusual name, which causes her to be called "Jeggs" by many of her friends.

The answer's simple. When Gergaynia's mother was awaiting her arrival in hospital, she talked to a Russian woman in the next bed. The Russian suggested the name, Mrs. Beckett liked it, and so 'Gergaynia' was named.

"The name's apparently the Russian equivalent of 'gay,'" said Gergaynia. "And that's how I hope the swimming team feels after the events in Rome."

Tired of camouflage coats?



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and pick the coat
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many foods. Always sold in
packets, so always fresh.



ROYAL HONEYMOONERS Princess Margaret and her husband Antony Armstrong-Jones board the Royal barge after visiting Dominica.



The Royal honeymooners on an island in the sun

TOWARDS the end of their Caribbean honeymoon in the Britannia, Princess Margaret and her husband Antony Armstrong-Jones, suntanned and glowing, stopped off at Dominica, the largest of the Windward Islands. They are due back at Portsmouth on June 18.

RIGHT: Suntanned and relaxed from swimming and lazing on Caribbean beaches, Princess Margaret holds a bouquet of wildflowers presented to her during the couple's drive on Dominica. They had tried to have a quiet drive, but the islanders turned out in force.

BELOW: Islanders crowd around as Princess Margaret leans across her husband to accept a bunch of flowers during their drive on Dominica. In London the couple's "grace and favor" house at Kensington Palace is being renovated.



HAPPY and relaxed, Princess Margaret looks youthful as she stands on the landing-stage before leaving Dominica. During their West Indies holiday, the honeymooners have also visited Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, St. Johns, Antigua, and the tiny island of Mustique, where their friend, the Hon. Colin Tennant, has an estate. He and his wife flew out to join them.



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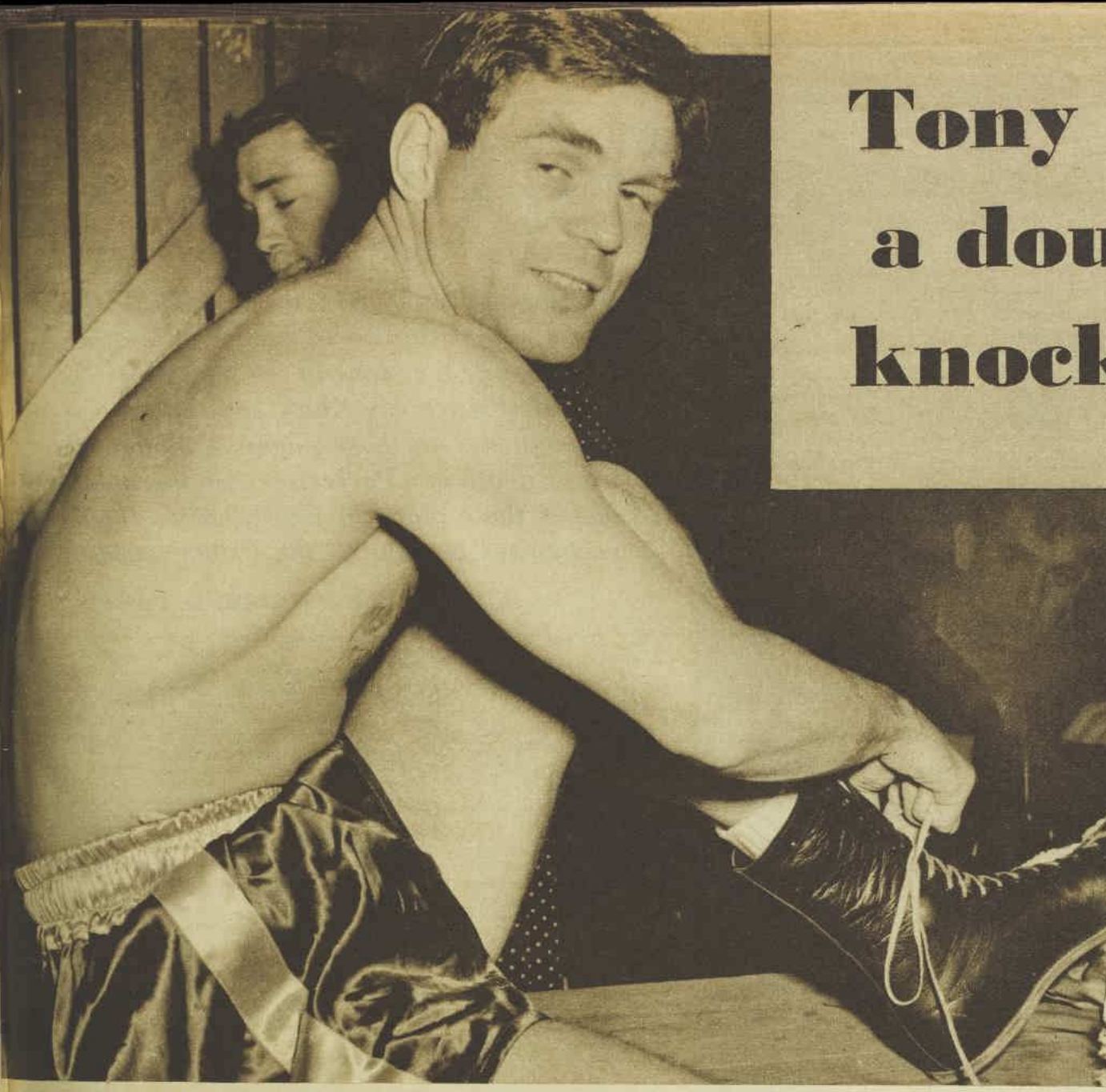
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 22, 1960



Tony was a double knockout

HANDSOME Tony Madigan, the boxer, before the fight which won him a trip to Rome.

him about 2000 dollars (about £A900).

But there's nothing in this world — not even money — that he loves as much as boxing.

And the fighter who has represented Australia at both the Helsinki and Melbourne Games had Rome at the top of his list of dreams.

But back to THE fight . . .

The crowd was confused. With the exception of every girl with an eye for a real glamor-boy, they didn't know whether to be on the side of the polished challenger or the unassuming country boy from Queensland, who'd won his trip on merit but had little hope against his opponent.

But seconds after Tony had stripped off his whiteerry-towelling dressing-gown the crowd was with him.

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● The Sydney Stadium has seen its share of swoon-bait talent — from Frank Sinatra to Tab Hunter — but there has never been a greater knockout than handsome boxer Tony Madigan.

THE 30-year-old bachelor flew all the way from New York to Australia recently to prove it. And it took him just three minutes and a few good punches to complete the job.

In the red corner was Madigan, looking more like a film star than a pug, eagerly waiting for the bell which would let him jab his way into Australia's Rome Olympic team.

In the blue corner was 24-year-old Queensland saw-miller Ken Marshall, who'd won his place as the Olympic team's light-heavyweight boxer earlier this year, but was being challenged by Madigan for his right to take it.

In the audience were nearly 5000 enthusiasts making up one of the most unusual fight-crowds ever seen at the Stadium.

There were regular fight fans, but there were just as many who'd never been inside

the Stadium before—at least not for a fight.

But they were there to see the most-publicised amateur fight Australia has known.

Among them were scores of Sydney's prettiest girls, who wouldn't know a right-hook from a bag of peanuts, who'd probably faint at sight of blood, but who squealed with delight at every sight of the rugged Tony.

As the audience streamed in, I waited outside the dressing-rooms for a pre-fight word with the two opponents.

A drawcard

"Just look at this beautiful, beautiful crowd," cried one of the Stadium stalwarts. "We should put on amateur fights every week instead of pro. ones if they pack them in like this."

"Yeah, that'd be all right," said his friend. "But where would you keep getting blokes that look like Tony? He's got 'em in all right. Did you ever see so many beautiful blondes here before?"

Just then Tony arrived, and for a moment you could have heard a face drop.

For Tony—who has been a leading male model in New York since he won a Gold Medal for Australia at the 1958 Cardiff Empire Games—certainly looked the debonair man-about-town.

"I feel like a million dollars," he said. And his compelling, deep blue eyes sparkled with excitement beneath his bushy black eyebrows.

He was confident but not cocksure.

He'd just disappeared into the dressing-room, when a pleasant, rather shy young man approached the door.

"You can't go in there," said the doorman firmly. "Boxers and officials only."

"But I'm from Queensland," said the young man.

"I don't care where you're from—you can't go in there," replied the doorman.

"But I'm Marshall," said the young man.

While the doorman was fighting his scarlet com-

plexion, Ken Marshall meandered quietly past him.

"That Ken is a lovely bloke," said his trainer, Mr. "Bluey" Fielding.

"And don't be fooled by his manner. He's not jittery, but he's all tensed up. He hasn't liked all this publicity. He'd rather not go to Rome than face all that."

Inside the Stadium the preliminary bouts were being waged between other members of the Olympic boxing team and their challengers. They were brave tussles and they were giving the crowd their money's worth.

Manhattan man

But I had only half a mind on the left jabs. I was trying to picture Tony Madigan in the ring.

It didn't seem possible that this man who'd been talking to me a few days before with knowledge and charm about the sophisticated life of Manhattan would shortly be stepping into the ring, with the sole purpose of punching another man right out of it.

Tony in Manhattan I could imagine.

He'd seemed a winner on

all points when he'd been talking of his life there.

"I felt silly the first time I did a modelling job," he told me. "It was for a brand of coffee. And there I was drinking coffee and grinning all over the place. But I got used to it all after a while."

Tony, who was formerly a sales representative for an Australian cigarette firm, has been earning 40 dollars (£A18) an hour doing photographic modelling and TV commercials.

"It was a great life there," said Tony. "Though I guess if you stop to think about it, Manhattan's a helluva place for an athlete to live. You're eating at odd times, and running round all over the place to various training spots."

When the Olympic trials were on in Melbourne in March, Madigan was reluctant to leave New York.

He was then consolidating his position in the modelling world there, and it meant a lot to leave it.

It still meant a lot to leave it a few weeks ago, for among the bookings he sacrificed were three TV commercials, each of which would have netted

Winning form

You didn't have to know anything about boxing to know he was in a different class.

The referee was as busy as a beaver putting Marshall to the count. "Look at 'im," shouted an excited ringside fan. "He thinks he's conducting a bloomin' symphony."

But the fight was over. Madigan had knocked Marshall down for the fourth time, Marshall's seconds had thrown in the towel, and Madigan could start being measured for his blazer.

Minutes later, outside the dressing-room, even Jekyll and Hyde would have been impressed.

If it weren't for the fans congratulating him, you wouldn't have known it was Madigan the pug. Once again he was the easy-going charmer with not a mark on his face.

"It didn't go on long enough," said one fan.

"It did for me, boy," he replied with a grin.

He'd said he felt like a million dollars before the fight, so I asked how he felt now.

"Like a billion, and I guess I can't go much higher than that," he said. "They were the three greatest minutes in my life."

BETTINA...

● *Mademoiselle Simone Bodin, the Paris model the world knows as Bettina, was the one true love in the many loves of the late Prince Aly Khan, say the two correspondents on these pages. Although his tragic death in a Paris car crash last month ended their plans to marry, Aly's family recognises Bettina as the Prince's widow.*

From MARCELLE POIRIER, in Paris

THE drama of Bettina's future is not one of money — but of loneliness.

It has been evident from the very moment the Aga Khan arrived in Paris after receiving news of his father's death that he and other members of the family considered Bettina as the Prince's widow.

This attitude has not stemmed simply from the revelation by Charles Torem, the Prince's New York attorney, that a marriage was to take place in July in New York, but from the affection that all members of the family feel for her.

Gentle devotion

Her gentleness, her devotion to the Prince, her understanding of his complex and restless character right from the start won for her the respect and affection of his father, the late Aga Khan, who always invited her when-

ever there was a family reunion.

Karim Aga Khan's first solicitude after praying beside his father's deathbed was for Bettina.

He went to the mansion in the Boulevard Maurice Barres at Neuilly to see her.

He organised for her the best possible medical care, sent for her mother and sister, and gave instructions that she was not to be worried or disturbed.

Friends of the family say that one of his first cares was to assure Bettina that she was still to consider the mansion her home, as it had been when the Prince was alive, and that her future would be taken care of.

He did this because he was aware of Bettina's delicacy and dignity and feared that she might efface herself in order not to embarrass the family.

As soon as she was able to overcome the terrible despair which kept overcoming her, Bettina watched by the Prince's bier with the Begum, Karim, and Sadri.

It was with the Aga Khan that she travelled in the special train transporting the Prince's body to its temporary resting place in the gardens of the Chateau de l'Horizon, overlooking the Mediterranean.

As a widow

At the inhumation the family insisted that Bettina take her place as Aly Khan's widow and it was around her they all gathered, Karim Aga Khan effacing himself before her.

Whatever the reasons which prevented an earlier marriage, it is now perfectly clear that Bettina has been adopted into the Khan clan.

There was never any doubt in the minds of their friends that Aly Khan considered Bettina his wife.

When he was nominated Pakistan Ambassador to Buenos Aires the Prince decided that Bettina must be in a position to take her place by his side unequivocally.

The fact that he had chosen for the marriage to take place in New York seems to support the theory that the obstacle to their marriage was a legal one arising from the fact that his divorce with Rita Hayworth was not

recognised outside the U.S. and that only in America could he marry Bettina.

As most of his life had been spent in Europe, an American marriage was no solution, as it would not be recognised.

But it would be recognised in Latin America, where he was to take up his diplomatic post and would serve to prevent Bettina being slighted by the society of Buenos Aires.

Lavish gifts

Before she met Aly Khan she was reputed at one time to be earning more than £1000 a month as a top cover-girl.

She also started to design knitwear and had created her own manufacturing firm.

To the Prince there was nothing too good for Bettina, and he overwhelmed her with fabulous presents.

The first Christmas she spent with him he gave her a mink coat and a ring worth £35,000.

Bettina's tragedy is to have lost the man she loved and who loved her.

For all who had seen the Prince and Bettina together were convinced of the very real and very deep affection they shared.

Her whole life revolved around Aly Khan, giving him the home life he would never organise for himself, being his constant companion at the races, at galas, in his travels, in the constant social round his energy and zest for life demanded.

She entertained his guests, opened up his establishments when he decided to have a change of scene, closed them again when the whim to move on took him.

She abandoned all her own friends with the exception of Sophie Litvak (Anatole Litvak's wife), who had also been a Fath mannequin, and adopted Aly's friends.

When she was finally told the Prince was dead and not just injured she cried despairingly: "But why wasn't I killed, too. There is no point to my life without Aly."

With her character Bettina is going to have a long period of readjustment of life without Aly, because she is not an "off with the old love — on with the new" sort of girl, and there will be no easy forgetfulness for her in a new romance.



WITH tear-dimmed eyes, her face drawn with grief, Bettina mourns beside the bier of Prince Aly Khan. Bettina was with Aly when he was killed.



IN happier days, Bettina and Aly make a twosome at a Paris nightclub. Friends say they shared a deep and very real affection.

... Aly's one true love

By KATHLEEN MALLORY

● *Aly Khan was fickle, unstable, and, where love was concerned, always seeking to conquer new territory.*

BUT, for the last seven years of his life, a French girl gave him all her passionate love and, in return, asked for nothing.

This was something Prince Aly Khan never quite understood, because all the women he knew wanted something—marriage, a mink coat, a diamond bracelet.

But Bettina, the only great love in his life, asked nothing more than to be just near him.

She was 25 when they met—daughter of a Normandy railway official, a cover girl and model who had worked for Dior and Fath.

"The first time I saw Prince Aly," Bettina told me in Paris four years ago, "I knew it was love at first sight."

"I had no right to love him, and he had no right to love me, for he had just married Miss Hayworth, and they were still on their honeymoon. I said nothing and did nothing to encourage his love, and yet between us there was an unspoken understanding which was to bring us together for seven years."

The love story of Aly Khan and Bettina really began on a summer's day when Bettina and other models went to Aly Khan's Paris apartments to show Rita Hayworth, then his bride, some new fashions.

The girls were there soon after ten in the morning, and Miss Hayworth was due to come down about 10.30. Their orders were to remain until Miss Hayworth had seen the new fashions.

"Miss Hayworth and Prince Aly did not come down until one o'clock in the afternoon," Bettina said. "He came down first, and by that time we were boiling mad at being kept waiting so long."

"The other girls were afraid to say anything because if Prince Aly complained to our employer about any rudeness we would be sacked."

"But I had no scruples about that. I went for him and asked him if he thought that we had nothing better to do than hang about there all day while he and Miss Hayworth lay sleeping!"

Real fight

"I told him that we had to get up extra early that morning, and that we had to report to our salon at eight-thirty in order to get ready for the private showing. What right did he have to keep us hanging about like this?"

Aly gave as much as he took, and for a few minutes he and Bettina were at it hammer and tongs, and then Miss Hayworth breezed into the

room, and the girls finished their showing. Bettina returned with the other girls to the salon fully expecting to be sacked. But the day passed and not a word was said.

"When I returned to my small apartment in the evening I found an enormous bouquet of roses," she said. "The card said, 'Accept my apologies for my rudeness. Aly.'"

Bettina later telephoned to thank Aly for his gift.

Once or twice afterwards during the next year they saw each other, but always in the company of others and there was never any word between them which could have been considered improper.

Aly was still married to Rita Hayworth but having his difficulties with the moody movie star who had left Orson Welles to get married to Aly Khan.

No friends

Aly was lonely and miserable when his marriage with Rita Hayworth broke up. Not because he was in love with Rita; as Aly himself was subsequently to say, "There was no question of being in love with her after I really got to know her."

"Aly had no real true friend to turn to," Bettina said. "Out of the many thousands of people he knew, all were mere acquaintances."

"The world saw a smiling Aly Khan, a man who had gained a reputation for being a prince of playboys and a lady-chaser, but now he was terribly alone, and it was then, I think, that he remembered me."

Aly was extremely fond of Yasmin, his daughter by Rita Hayworth, and as things were working out he was going to lose the child.

One evening about seven o'clock, as Bettina was dressing to keep a date, the telephone rang and it was Aly Khan.

"I feel very miserable," Aly told Bettina. "What are you doing this evening? I feel I just must talk to someone."

"I had this date," Bettina told me. "I half expected that company director to propose to me that night. He was very, very rich."

It took Bettina two seconds flat to decide that the man she was going to see that evening would be Aly Khan. She invited him over and then telephoned to tell the director that she had a splitting headache.

Bettina was still in a Japanese kimono when Aly arrived. She did not dash off to put on make-up and do her hair; she remained as she was, invited him in, and made a cup of his favorite Turkish coffee.

To page 10



BETTINA THE MODEL wearing mink and black velvet. She was a Fath mannequin when she met and instantly fell in love with Prince Aly Khan seven years ago. He had just married film star Rita Hayworth. Bettina, daughter of a Normandy railway official, was 25, and had been married to journalist Gilbert Grasiani and writer Peter Viertel (now married to Deborah Kerr). Aly was 42.

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Both will give one 40-curl perm or two 20-curl perms, one now... one later. AND STORES **13/-**

RICHARD HUDNUT
New Quick HOME PERMANENT

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HP 13/43

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Gives two end waves or two between-perm pickups. The Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion recaps for use a second time... which can't be done with old-fashioned lotions! 9/- box.



Continuing . . .

BETTINA—ALY'S ONE TRUE LOVE

From page 9

Few women realise it, but a woman who is a good listener and sympathetic goes a long way towards winning a man's love.

Bettina listened to Aly's story of his marital troubles and love for his daughter.

"He was extremely depressed," Bettina said, "and I let him talk on. Once I took his hand in mine and as he looked up from the carpet to me, I said, 'Whatever happens, I want you to know that you have a good friend in me. If there is anything that I can do for you, just ask.'"

There was not a mention of the word "love."

To Aly, at that time, Bettina was just a friend, but she loved him, not, as she said, with the fiery passion of a teenager or because she was infatuated with him — "I was already too old to become infatuated with a man just because he had the glamor of an Aly Khan" — but she tried to conceal her love from him.

"If he fell in love with me, it had to be quite natural," she said. "We French believe that love must slowly come to the boil in some people, while in others it boils swiftly."

Playboy role was a front

Aly Khan, Bettina told me, was also misunderstood. The world took him to be nothing but a playboy, but in Bettina's opinion all this was only a front to cover up an acute inferiority complex.

She said: "Aly told me many things: how he had always been overshadowed by the grand stature of his father, the late Aga Khan. How, as a child, he had always been made to feel small and little. The only one who never made him feel like this was his late mother, and when she died, others made him feel an insignificant little worm as compared to his father. When he grew up he tried painfully to cover up his deficiencies by becoming a playboy."

About seven months after Aly parted from Rita Hayworth everything looked black for him. Rita had a court case against him; he stood to lose Yasmin.

"Whenever things were bad, Aly came to me," she said. "He seemed to find solace in my company even when we said nothing and he just sat here."

That night for the first time the man the world called a prince of playboys took Bettina's hand in his and seriously looked into her eyes.

"I love you, Bettina," he said calmly and without the least trace of emotion. "I love you so very much." And he kissed her passionately.

A long wait for marriage

Long afterwards he said, "One day I am going to marry you, but we must be sure, very sure of each other. I do not want to be hurt again."

Bettina knew that she might have to wait a long time before she and Aly



LEAVING PARIS for Aly's funeral at the Chateau de l'Horizon, Cannes (from left): Aly's stepmother, Princess Andree, Bettina, and the Begum.

would be married. He was a Swiss citizen and intending to make his home in Switzerland and neither Swiss nor French law recognised the divorce he obtained in Nevada from Rita Hayworth. Bettina and Aly could not therefore marry in Switzerland or in France.

"But he did not mention marriage again," Bettina said, "and I was quite satisfied to wait. Aly was right: we had to be very, very sure of one another. I had not been hurt myself because I had never been in love until I met him."

Bettina had been married twice — first to Gilbert Grazi-ani, a journalist, from whom she parted after a year, and second to Peter Viertel, who is currently married to Deborah Kerr, the actress.

Like all French girls, Bettina knew not to nag her man into marriage.

"While Aly was going out with me — or I should say during the time that I was regarded as his girl — he went out with many other women — Zsa Zsa Gabor, Gene Tierney, Yvonne de Carlo, to mention only a few — but he always came back to me," Bettina said. "I never questioned him about where he had been or with whom. I did not feel I had a proprietary right over him."

"It's perhaps a strange thing to say, but he was afraid of women, of women who tried to show their cleverness, sometimes at the expense of his own drawbacks."

"I tried to make Aly feel completely at ease; he could wear what he liked, say what he liked, do what he liked, and there would not be a word said. I think that he loved me for this and not for what good looks I might have."

"After all, I cannot compare in looks or accomplishments with, say, Yvonne de Carlo or Zsa Zsa Gabor. Aly chose me because he was looking for a woman who would accept him as he was and not try to change him."

When he returned to Paris from his international jaunts, he always found her apartment open and waiting for him.

"A woman doesn't question the man she loves," Bettina

said. "And I knew that Aly was more bark than bite; he was trying to assert himself."

Love is an essential part of a Frenchwoman's life and she is taught from infancy that patience is half the victory towards a lasting love.

Bettina was patient. She always met him with a smile, always made him feel that her apartment was his home.

"Is it me or my money?"

Aly was a man of charm. Bettina said this, and so did every woman who met him. His charm made up for any shortcomings.

But he was wary. Aly once said to Bettina, "When I meet a woman and she shows interest in me, I always wonder: is it me or my money?"

He spent lavishly because it was expected of him, he kissed many women because this was expected of him, but he gave real love sparingly.

"Even with Rita Hayworth, it was mere passion," Bettina said.

He never loved Rita Hayworth

"Aly never loved Rita; he wanted her physically and after he got her and she began to change his ways and made him feel his inferiority complex he could tolerate her no longer and left her."

"Linda Christian once said that Aly Khan was in love with her and would have married her," Bettina said, "but I do not believe this. Aly was afraid of smart, sophisticated women."

Aly did not mention marriage again until one evening not many months ago. They were in his apartment when he suddenly turned to her placed a hand on her shoulder and drew her to him, and embraced her. "Do you know Bettina," he said solemnly "you are the only woman I have ever loved. Before die I want you to marry me but I think if we married now

To page 12



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for
pageantry
and
pubs



TOP RIGHT: Royal Pageantry, a year-round feature of the British scene.

CENTRE RIGHT: Morris Dancing, an old English custom.

LOWER RIGHT: Picturesque villages abound in Britain.



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RO75

WORTH REPORTING

WHAT do you have for a bedtime snack? Something gastronomically unusual?

We are conducting a novel type of contest (no prizes) cum-unscientific survey in an earnest attempt to find the Most Peculiar Bedtime Snack in Australia.

As a matter of fact, we've been drowsily interested in the subject since we read a feature in an American magazine. They conducted a survey, too, and they say the snacks are "the last stronghold of individualism in our conforming age."

There seems to be plenty of individuals left in the world; the survey brought some fascinating results:

- A Canadian man likes garlic sandwiches, with corn syrup on the bread to stop the garlic falling out.
- A Texas housewife said a typical midnight meal consisted of baked apple, chocolate pudding, bacon, cheese biscuits, and black coffee.
- A psychiatrist from Nova Scotia prefers ice-cream eaten with French-fried potatoes.
- A woman in Ohio has to fry two eggs at dinnertime and store them in the refrigerator — so they'll be nice and cold when her husband devours them just before he goes to bed.

One surprised man wrote in to ask, "Do you mean that everyone doesn't have a peanut butter, onion, and mayonnaise sandwich with a glass of ale?"

So that's what some people like. Now, it's over to you...

★ ★ ★
THERE we were, browsing round happily in one of Sydney's dress-fabric stores... ooooo! Suddenly, our roving eye was caught by a small notice pinned on a bolt of material.

"Don't just stand there," said the notice severely. "BUY SOMETHING."



MUSICAL KIMBERS... Mrs. T. W. Kimber, violinist Chris, Beryl, and pianist Bill, Beryl's accompanist for her A.B.C. concert series.



ARE you happy with your hairstyle? Or are you thinking of a change? You are, ma'am? Then we're happy to introduce you to a brand-new coiffure... Called "The Skyscraper." As you can see in the picture above, its noticeable. And it was dreamed-up by Sydney hairdresser Claude while he was in New York recently.

The family her toughest critics

"ALTHOUGH I love London and Europe, I'll always want to come back to Australia," says violinist Beryl Kimber.

She is home for three months—touring for the A.B.C. and visiting her family in Bentleigh, Vic.

Beryl likes living in London, she says, because it's a centre of the musical world, and "mixing with top musicians keeps you humble." "Apart from my teachers, my family are the only people who'll say exactly what they think of my playing," she said.

Beryl was born in Perth, educated in Tasmania, and went to live in Melbourne when she was 16. She can't decide which is her home State, so is just "Australian." But the States don't give up their claim to a world-famous violinist so easily.

After a Wigmore Hall concert, local newspaper headlines read:

- West Australian violinist acclaimed by London critics.
- Tasmanian violinist acclaimed by London critics.
- Melbourne violinist acclaimed by London critics.

Continuing... BETTINA—ALY'S ONE TRUE LOVE

From page 10

we would spoil a very beautiful friendship."

And two weeks before the fatal night of May 12, when his car crashed into another, killing him, Aly sat with Bettina in her apartment after an evening out. He had had a few hours with Yasmin that day and was incredibly happy.

"I sometimes wish that you were the mother of Yasmin and that we were as happy together as you and I have been these past years," Aly said quietly.

"A man who is married to a good woman and has a home and family must surely be the happiest man in the world. I have horses and cars and money and people who call themselves my friends and yet I have only one friend and one love, you."

When Aly Khan's father died in 1957 it was not to his family he turned for consolation, but to Bettina.

"You are mine," he once told her. "One day we may get married, but is marriage essential? May not marriage spoil everything? I am so afraid of being hurt again."

In March this year Aly told Bettina they had to get married. It was, she said, as if he knew he was going to die. "Do you think," he asked Bettina, "that you would be just as happy with me as my wife as you are now?"

Bettina smiled and nodded. "I will never make any demands on you and if I am jealous—which I have always been—I will not show it and I will not nag you."

"You are the most wonderful woman in the world," Aly said and kissed her.

No definite date had been fixed, and everything was still in the air; but it was simply a matter of deciding a date and place and, above all, secrecy.

"Aly said that he had had so much publicity that he did not want any more," Bettina

said. "For years newspapers had reported us married and divorced and heaven knows what else, but we took no notice of it. When we got married, we decided, it would be a very private affair."

A week before the fatal crash, Aly said to Bettina: "I will be 49 in June and I might die before then. I do not want to leave you unmarried... I have loved you too long and too dearly."

He told her that he had provided for her in his will, but Bettina told me that there is no will.

In Paris a few days after his death Bettina, looking tired and haggard, said, "I am not bitter. Aly died in my arms; I had the love of a great man and many treasured memories. I shall never forget him. How can a woman forget the man she loved?"

"If there is a life in the hereafter I shall love him there, too."

For the G

ROOM FOR THEM AT THE TOP

Women "take over" city department store

By JO WILLIAMS, staff reporter

● When a man says to a woman, "Here, you do my job!" he knows he is taking a risk. She could make a complete mess of it—and she could do it better. But this is the risk 12 Sydney businessmen are taking.

THEY are stepping down—and the girls are stepping up.

This musical-chair situation was planned a few months ago. But details have been kept so secret that even the men won't know what the women are going to do with their jobs until the night of June 16.

Then, with late-night strollers and the picture crowds, they will probably go along to the corner of George and Park Streets to find out.

They will see what women let loose can do to a big department store.

The store is Waltons Ltd. Its manager for a day and a half—Friday and Saturday—will be 47-year-old Miss Miriam Cornwell, of West Ryde.

Miss Cornwell, who began her retailing career with Selfridge's in London, is the shop's State personnel officer, with 2500 names on the roll.

On Friday she takes over 550 employees, 46 departments.

She will move into the big carpeted office of regular store

manager Mr. Adrian Button, to his sleek, glass-topped desk—and his headaches.

Miss May Daly, children's wear buyer, will take over from the general merchandise manager, Mr. Bill Muldoon. Miss Maisie Jackson, buyer for ladies' shoes, will replace Mr. Ken Fox as operating superintendent.

Then whatever happens at Waltons—annual turnover about £4,000,000—will be up to the girls.

Policy problems will be Miss Cornwell's. Merchandise that isn't selling fast will be Miss Daly's pigeon.

If the store doors open even one minute late on Friday, Miss Jackson will have let the side down.

What a formidable side it is:

● Blond Mrs. Neva Marsh, for instance, who goes from blouses and cosmetics to "hard lines"—lawnmowers, trowels, braces and bits.

● Miss Billie Carberry, who steps out of corsets into men's trousers.

● Miss Maisie Murray, who has been 23 years with Waltons, and goes from assistant

manager in easy payments to stores credit manager.

Advertising, display, receiving, and despatch will also be taken over by women.

In all, a team of 14 will run the store. And every one will be out to show the men.

Though they will hold down their new top exec. jobs for only a day and a half, they have been laying in ammunition for months.

When they could spare time from their own jobs they have been prowling round the floors they'll take over, deciding what to do to them.

"Don't go on to your new floors cold on the 17th," Miss Cornwell told them.

"We suspect," says merchandising chief Mr. Muldoon, "that the women have been holding back some good lines in their own departments to make a splash with them." Said Mr. Button, "We don't suspect. We know."

"We've kept well out of it," he said. "Six senior executives won't be working under the women at all. But men buyers will be."

Said Miss Cornwell, who has been chairing secret

weekly meetings for women only, "They haven't given us an easy task. June is not a good buying month. People are looking for outstanding value and bargains. We've got to give them."

She and her girls are looking forward to the takeover with a ton of confidence.

"Our acid test," Miss Cornwell said, "is going to be the net profit."

What will those jobless, deskless men do for a day and a half? They are threatening to go to the club.



POSTER designed by women announces the day-and-a-half takeover. Pictured are Miss Claire Smith (left), and Mrs. Joy Brown, fashion co-ordinator.



BIG THREE in the takeover (from left), Miss Maisie Jackson, Miss May Daly, and store-manager-to-be Miss Miriam Cornwell.

● "The important thing about wine is to enjoy it. Don't just drink it to show how sophisticated you are," says Pamela Hardy, until recently director of a Melbourne wine advisory bureau.

PAMELA'S job was to give talks and demonstrations and conduct wine-tasting for business firms, social clubs, and wine vendors.

Pamela, who was recently married to Lieut.-Commander Jock Yule, comes from a wine-

making family, the Hardys, of Adelaide.

The Yules are going to live in Sydney at the end of June. But although Pamela has resigned her director's position, she will continue in an advisory capacity in Sydney.

"We marinate all our meat at home," said Pamela. "Even a humble sausage becomes

WHY BE A WINE SNOB — says woman expert

special when you soak it in wine before grilling.

"If you know something about wine you have confidence. But there is no need to be an expert to enjoy it."

"On the other hand, I think it's just as well to have a basic knowledge of wines; for example, that you serve a red with red meat, and so on."

"But, then, if you like a sauterne with steak, by all means have it."

"We break all the rules in our house, I'm afraid. We put red wines in the refrigerator in summer; actually, this business about a red wine being served at room temperature doesn't apply when the temperature is 100 degrees."

"The correct heat is about 65 degrees, which is the average room temperature on the Continent."

"We also put sherry in the fridge in summer. It brings out the bouquet, I think."

According to Pamela, the days of gracious living shouldn't be over.

"For instance, when a husband comes home from work I think it is terribly important

that his wife is not all fussed and shouting at the children.

"She should organise her day so she and her husband have half an hour to relax with a sherry before dinner."

"Then, if a glass of wine is served with a meal it makes the meal more leisurely."

"It encourages conversation, too. A good dinner wine and good conversation are immensely stimulating."

Pamela trained as a nurse at the Royal Adelaide Hospital and went to England in 1956 to continue her studies.

But she changed her plans when she first arrived in England and took a job with the Australian Wine Board, travelling around Britain holding wine-tastings.

"In Scotland once," she said, "some very respectable old ladies who thought wine rather daring came up to me. I offered them a taste of some Australian wines."

"Ah, no, m'dear, I wouldn't touch wine. But I wouldn't mind a wee drop of sherry," they would say, furtively taking a sip when no one was looking.

"And, of course, sherry has a much higher alcoholic content than table wines."

Now back home, Pamela says, "Australia is such a wonderful wine-growing country, I feel it is a tragedy we don't make the most of it."

If you want to make wine a pleasant part of your life, she has some suggestions:

● A tablespoon of sherry enriches any soup.

● Cook sausages in dry red wine, or marinate them first, then grill.

● For a long, cool, summer drink, try a mixture of half claret and half lemonade, or half riesling and half lemonade.

● Sweet sherry is a good standby to have in the house. It can be served at all times of the day and is more popular than dry sherry — especially with women.

● It is not essential to have an array of glasses. You need only two types: a 6oz. glass (on a stem) for table wines, and a smaller glass for sherries, ports, or vermouth.

● Plain crystal or glass is best for wine-glasses, unless you can afford several sets.

GOURMET COOK'S TOUR

FAMOUS Cordon Bleu cook and TV star Dione Lucas arrived in Sydney last Sunday to begin her "cook's tour" of Australia.

She will give demonstrations in Sydney at Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. in the Galleries on the fourth floor.

They will be given daily from Monday, June 20, to Friday, June 24, 1.30 p.m. to 3 p.m. No bookings are necessary; admission is free.

Mrs. Lucas' demonstrations will be telecast by Channel 9 on these same days from 12.30 p.m. to 1.30 p.m.



WINE-TASTINGS (above) in the cellars of the firm for which Pamela worked are happy affairs. Here she pours a white wine for Mr. B. L. West (left), of Geelong, and Mr. L. G. Knorr, of Ivanhoe.

LOOK WHAT GAS IS DOING NOW!

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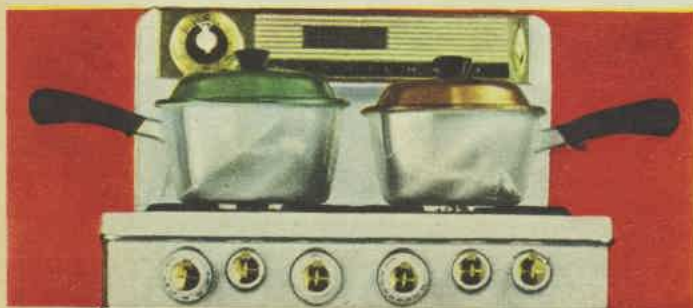
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Golden Line Coronet, Width 20½", Height to Hotplate 36".



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Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1960-06-22

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The Unknown Ginx

Fourth instalment of
our Regency serial

BY GEORGETTE
HEYER

AUTOCRATIC LORD DARRACOTT has unwillingly to admit the existence of a new heir to his estate, MAJOR HUGO DARRACOTT, the son of the late HUGH DARRACOTT, when his eldest son, GRANVILLE, dies. The rest of the family, MATTHEW, the only surviving son, his wife, LADY AURELIA, their sons, VINCENT and CLAUD; widowed MRS. RUPERT DARRACOTT and her children, RICHMOND and ANTHEA, all greet Hugo with condescension and hostility on his arrival at Darracott Place.

His reaction is to assume an air of bovine placidity and a marked Yorkshire accent, as he had been the son of a weaver's daughter in that county.

Anthea is at first appalled when her grandfather tells her she is expected to marry Hugo, but later finds him an agreeable companion. She shows him round the impoverished estate and over the ramshackle Dower House, which is supposed to be haunted. SPURSTOW, the caretaker, makes them so unwelcome that Hugo suspects the house is being used by smugglers, whose activities are condoned by the family, and even admired by Richmond, who finds the excitement an outlet for his frustrated desire to join the Army.

Hugo's siding with LIEUTENANT OTTERSHAW, the Customs Riding Officer, who is engaged in stamping out the illicit trade, has enraged the family, except for Anthea, who finds herself liking Hugo more, but who is nevertheless surprised when he asks for a book on etiquette, saying he would like to ascertain how long he must know a lass before it's polite to propose to her. **NOW READ ON:**

ANY fears lurking in Anthea's mind that the Major's premature declaration might be productive of some awkwardness between them were very swiftly put to rout. Except for a certain warmth in his eyes, when they rested on her, she could detect no change in his demeanor. She was devoutly thankful, for she knew that her grandfather was closely watching the progress of a courtship he had instigated.

It was perhaps fortunate that his lordship's attention should have been diverted by the repercussions of quite another sort of courtship. The blacksmith, a brawny individual, imbued with what his lordship considered revolutionary notions, had not only taken exception to Claud's elegant trifling with his daughter, but had seized the opportunity afforded by that rather too accommodating damsel to pay off an old score against his lordship.

To Claud's startled dismay, the elder Ackleton waylaid my lord when he was riding home through the village and lodged an accusation against his least favorite grandson, referring to him darkly as a serpent who had stung his daughter, and hinting (without, however, much conviction) at reprisals of an obscure but dreadful nature.

My lord was neither credulous of the story nor alarmed by the threats. He might be eighty years of age and considered by his family to be verging on senility, but he was perfectly capable of dealing with far more determined efforts at blackmail, and he disposed of the blacksmith in a few forceful and well-chosen words, which included a recommendation to that disconcerted gentleman to take care the fair Eliza did not end her adventurous career in the nearest Magdalen.

Since this interview took place in the middle of the village street, it very soon became common property and was the occasion of much merriment and many exchanges when neither the elder Ackleton nor his even more formidable son was within earshot of damaging rumors about Eliza's way of life.

His lordship was not popular, out the Ackletons were cordially disliked by all but their few cronies, Eliza being thought by the respectable to be a disgrace to the community, and the two male members of the family not only vandalising decent folk with their hazy but seditious political opinions, but alienating all sorts by their invariable magnificence when they had had a cup too much.

No one was hardy enough to betray

the least knowledge of the encounter outside the forge, but the sudden silence that fell on the company in the taproom of the Blue Lion when the father and son walked in that evening left neither of them in any doubt of what the subject of the interrupted discussion had been. The elder Ackleton, after vainly trying to pick out a quarrel with anyone willing to oblige him, was bowled out by a toothless and decrepit Ancient, who took infuriating advantage of his years and infirmity.

The smith, realising that the weight of public opinion was against him, stayed only to inform the Ancient what his fate would have been had he been some seventy years younger before slamming his tankard down and departing. It would have been as well if he had taken his son with him instead of leaving him to drink in the company of a like-minded young man, whose reckless statements of what he would do if he stood in Ned's shoes strengthened his resolve to draw Mr. Claud Darracott's cork at the earliest opportunity.

By the time an astonishing quantity of ale had been drunk, Ned Ackleton was determined to seek out Mr. Claud Darracott immediately, and Jim Booley, applauding this bold decision, announced his intention of accompanying him. The landlord gave as his opinion that the courage of neither would be sufficient to carry him beyond the gates of Darracott Place. In uttering this prophecy, however, he failed to make allowance for the invigorating effect of companionship. The two men reached the house itself before Booley realised that it would be improper for him to take any active part in a quarrel which was no concern of his.

He began to feel that it might, perhaps, be wiser if Ned were to postpone drawing Mr. Claud Darracott's cork until such time as he should meet him in some rather more suitable locality. But Ned was made of sterner stuff; and, although the effects of liquor had to some extent worn off, he had ranted himself into a state of mental intoxication which made him even more beligerent.

He tugged violently at the bell hanging beside the main door, and followed this up by hammering the great iron knocker in a ferocious style that caused Mr. Booley to retreat several paces, urgently advising him to hush.

This craven attitude, far from dampening Ned's ardor, whipped up his courage, which had faltered a little

for the moment, and gave him an added incentive to force his way into the house. Booley was not going to be given a chance to undermine his friend's prestige by spreading a story of flight.

Charles, the footman, opened the door. Startled by so thunderous a demand for admittance, he did so rather cautiously, which incensed Ned. Commanding him to get out of the way, he barged into the house, demanding, in stentorian accents, to be led immediately to Claud, whose character, appearance, and licentious villainy he described in terms which made Charles' eyes start from their sockets. Charles was of unheroic stature, but he knew his duty, and he was no coward. He did his best to hustle Ned out of the house, and was sent reeling backwards, bringing down a chair.

All this commotion brought Chollocombe and James hurrying to the scene.

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"The fortune is useless to me unless you marry me," Hugo tenderly told Anthea.



One girl at a time

By BARBARA ROBINSON

CHARLIE BRADLEY leaned across the table, inadvertently dragging his coat-sleeve through a blob of mayonnaise. "Let's have an intellectual discussion," he said earnestly. "For example, what do you think of nuclear fission?" "I don't think of it," said Eloise Tipton, "and you've got mayonnaise on your sleeve."

"We'll try music," said Charlie. "So tell me, do you like Bartok?" Eloise crunched delicately on a celery stalk. "I," she said, "like peace and quiet." He tried again: "How about art? Are you a primitive?" "No," she said, "certainly not. I brush my teeth three times a day." Charlie groaned. "You're not helping me, Eloise. I'm trying to discover the real you. I want to probe your innermost thoughts. I want to find the core of your being. I want—"

"You're not fooling me one bit, Charlie Bradley. What you want is to trap me behind the file cabinets." He brightened visibly. "Would you like that?" "What kind of girl do you think I am, anyway?" she asked in mock horror. "I don't know. I really don't know." He caught her hand and added, "And coming from me, that's quite an admission." "I'm a tidy girl," Eloise said, who doesn't like mayonnaise on sleeves." And she was gone. Then Charlie returned to his lunch—today's special in the corner drugstore—and watched the departing form of Eloise Tipton.

She was too cunning, he decided. It was perfectly true that it had been his reigning ambition to get Eloise behind the file cabinets, in a figurative sense, ever since the first day she walked into Kennedy and Sons. Indeed, until that moment, Charlie's ideal of female beauty had been Ava Gardner, and his great



It got to be that every time Eloise thought of Charlie Bradley all she could picture was the beguiling smile of a wolf

arrow was the notable lack of similar-type girls in his immediate circle of acquaintances. But, in an instant, Miss Gardner and her special charms had turned to dust, and in their place there was this peppermint-candy girl.

There was something about her—the trim navy-blue suit, the neat little white hat and gloves, the roughable blond hair, the big blue eyes—she looked as simple and wholesome and gay as a stick of peppermint candy about five feet two inches tall. . . . Charlie had no more jurisdiction over the stenographic pool than did any of the other salesmen, but he took it upon himself to make Eloise feel at home. He had spent most of that first day acquainting her with the office routine in such a way that she would regard her job as a mad whirl of fun and games, Kennedy and Sons as the jolliest place in the world to work, her co-workers as one big happy family.

He offered to drive Miss Tipton home that evening, because, in his own words, "I like to know where all the employees live." And Miss Tipton accepted, dazzled by what seemed to her the ultimate in rapport between management and labor. Then, at three-thirty, Miss Tipton went into the ladies' lounge. Up to then Charlie had managed, by careful manipulation, to prevent her from exchanging more than three words with any of the other office girls, but he could not maintain his vigilance inside the ladies' lounge.

When Eloise emerged at approximately three-forty, he could see all his romantic plans dying in the cold depths of those big blue eyes.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Bradley," Eloise said in glacial tones, "but I won't be able to drive home with you, after all. I find I have other plans."

"You don't want to believe everything you hear, Miss Tipton," he said, trying to look slandered.

"I don't want to."

"We must always give the benefit of the doubt," he cautioned.

"There doesn't seem to be any doubt," she said, flipping off the cover of her typewriter and narrowly missing his chin.

Charlie stopped at Alice Carpenter's desk. "Alice," he said, taking her hand. "Now, after all, Alice, why'd you have to—"

"Somebody had to warn her," Alice pronounced firmly.

"What did you tell that poor sweet girl?"

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Now take your hand off my arm or I'll staple your fingers together."

Charlie retreated to his desk in some haste.

The truth was that Charlie enjoyed a staggering reputation with the girls in the office, the girls in other offices, the girls in his apartment building, and any other girls with whom he came in contact. It was not wholly Charlie's fault; he seemed to have a chemical affinity for women. Beginning with a nameless moppet who had overturned his tricycle and smothered him with sticky kisses at age four, girls liked Charlie and Charlie liked girls.

But of late he had noticed an alarming trend. He was no longer able to flit from flower to flower of the office force; more than once some lovely young thing who ought to be concerned only with present pleasures would demand a statement

of his general intentions; several had refused his company because he was "untrustworthy"; and one exquisite creature—named, he recalled wistfully, Lurene—had gone so far as to marry Elmer Standiford, of the accounting department, a man with ten thousand dollars' life insurance, an umbrella in the office, and no gaiety in his soul.

"How about that Lurene?" Charlie had asked Bobo Jackson, a young lady of much physical charm and little secretarial talent. "How about that?"

"Lurene's not so dumb," Bobo had declared. "That Mr. Standiford is a good, steady, respectable type. He's got ten thousand dollars' life insurance."

"I know," Charlie had said, shaken. "Now, Bobo, about tonight—"

"I'm sorry, Charlie. Tonight I've got a cooking class."

Bobo in a cooking class had sounded ominous, and Charlie had taken steps to dissolve their relationship, which had really never been more than a passing dalliance. Just as well, too, because Bobo had given notice one month later and departed in a blaze of glory with an electric percolator ("from all your friends at Kennedy and Sons. Happy coffee, Bobo!") and her fiancé—a good, steady, respectable type named Morgan.

"How about that Bobo?"

Charlie had asked Marilyn Ebenhoe, a deceptively demure girl, who was a whiz at shorthand and other things. "How about that?"

"How, indeed?"

Marilyn had said with great candor. "I wish I knew how." A chilling response.

But all this had been some months before, and now, when Charlie returned from lunch and his unsatisfactory conversation with Eloise, he found the office a scene of high carnival, the air filled with girlish squeals.

"Well, how about that Marilyn?" he asked Eloise, who was taking up the usual collection. "How about that?"

"How about another half a dollar?" Eloise asked.

"How about dinner tonight—in honor of Marilyn?" he added.

"How about another half a dollar in honor of Marilyn?"

Charlie frowned but paid up and then sat at his desk in gloomy contemplation of his social calendar. Despite the vast matrimonial inroads being made on the office staff, he still enjoyed many perfectly satisfactory, if transient, friendships, and he was seldom reduced to an evening of pipe and slippers, good book, and faithful dog.

Still, there was a thorn in his side, and that thorn was Eloise. The thought of her seemed to stay with him, even at the most inopportune moments—for instance, while sitting next to Tootsie Roebottom in a darkened theatre he would find himself distracted by the sparkle and wink of Tootsie's many large jewels, and he would remember the effective simplicity of Eloise's single strand of pearls.

Or he would clasp Nancy-Lee Suter to his chest in a fevered two-step, reeling from the fumes of "Night in San Pedro," or whatever it was that Nancy-Lee bathed in, and he would think fondly of the lilacs-in-April scent Eloise wore.

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Talking of Piper

A short short story

By
CLEDWYN HUGHES

THE budgerigar was bequeathed to us by the people who lived over the headland when they decided to migrate to Australia. They had had a budgie for some time, and Nandi, our six-year-old daughter, had been very fond of Piper, as he was called. Laura, my wife, also adored all animals and birds, reptiles and mammals, all things of fur and feather; she was most pleased to take in Piper. As always, mine was the only voice raised in protest.

Laura said, "But, darling, budgies sing all the time."
I made no answer, but remembered the ancient and venerable canary we had looked after for a week while a friend of ours had gone, appropriately enough, to the Canary Islands. That bird had been silent all the day with its head under its wing. But about midnight, when we were all asleep, it would sing until dawn. It had done that for a week. We had put it in the cellar, in the loft, in the garage, but its happy sounds always reached us in the still watches of the night and kept sleep away.

Piper, the budgerigar, looked harmless and peaceful enough when he arrived at our house. As soon as his cage arrived in the hall of our house he said, in a muttering fashion, "Mud, mud, glorious mud. Mud, mud, mud."

Laura and Nandi thought this was rather wonderful. I was more matter of fact and asked, "Is he going to mention anything else except mud?"
That night Nandi delayed her bedtime for an hour and a half. She crept downstairs twice to the kitchen where Piper was in his cage. We had let him out for some time, but Lewis and Carroll, our two cats, refused friendship to the new arrival.

When Nandi had finally gone to sleep, our difficulties started with Piper. He became very talkative, saying to the two cats, "Mud, mud, glorious mud."

"It's our house," I said to Laura. "There's something about our house which brings out the worst vocal qualities in a bird."
"Nonsense," replied Laura, "it's the change of environment. A sort of nostalgia."

"Nostalgia my foot," I answered. "If he does this tomorrow evening I'll open the door of the cage and let Lewis and Carroll get at him."

About eleven o'clock, Piper settled down for sleep; by the time we had gone to bed the whole house was quiet. Lewis and Carroll had gone to their baskets near the fuel stove.

It was about four-thirty in the morning when I suddenly awoke. I thought at first that it was the curious cheese we had had for dinner.

But it was not the post-prandial effects of the cheese which had awoken me. There seemed to be a voice downstairs and it was saying, hoarsely, "Quiet, you little pest."

In my half-sleep I thought at first that it was Piper, with some new words. But I realised that this was too hoarsely, humanly male to be a budgie. And, as if to prove my thoughts, the voice of Piper was next heard declaiming, "Mud, mud, glorious mud. Mud, mud, mud."

Then there was the other voice again, "I'll do you in, you square."

I understood then that there was a man downstairs, and I didn't like the idea at all. He was certainly a burglar; he was probably armed, or had a cosh, or a knuckleduster. I thought of waking Laura, but decided against it. And I wondered about my daughter sleeping in the next room; it was the thought of her innocence and magic that woke me up to full action.

I leapt out of bed, and took down the old African spear which Laura's aunt gave us on our marriage. Now it might have a use at last. I felt its balance and the sharpness of its blade, then crept on to the landing.

Writers, of course, are not used to rising at four-thirty in the morning. They are not used to carrying spears, either. It might have been the hour or it might have been the spear; anyway, I somehow managed to turn a slip rug into a sort of toboggan. I was flung down the first flight of stairs on to the small landing. The spear went briskly before me and landed with a harmonious twang in the woodwork of the stairway.

I sat motionless on the landing, fearing that the intruder was waiting in the well of the stairs for my descent.

I jerked out the spear from the woodwork of the stairs, and it came free with a ring of the metal blade.



Nandi was enchanted with the budgerigar, but the two cats were not very friendly.

Then I heard the unmistakable voice of Piper, saying, "Mud, mud, mud."

I took courage. He, at least, was still alive. Holding my spear, I crept down in the dawn half-light and was about to put my hand out for the comfort of the phone when I heard a great slamming of the back door. And after that came the sound of running footsteps down the gravel path which led towards the beach.

By now Laura had awoken and she appeared at the head of the stairs. Nandi seemed to be sleeping through it all.

Laura called, "What ever are you doing down there with Auntie Agnes' spear, darling? Were you sleep-walking?"

I spoke back fiercely, "No, indeed, there was a man in the house, a burglar. But for Piper calling out, we might have been murdered in our beds."

Laura was impressed. Together we went cautiously into the kitchen. There Lewis and Carroll were fast asleep. They were cats who would have awoken to a small mouse, but to them a robber was nothing. Piper's cage lay on the floor, and a rather disconsolate bird sat in it, his feathers ruffled. A freshly cut loaf stood on the table, with some cheese and a mug of steaming cocoa.

Laura was indeed shocked by the sight of the food. "The rogue," she said, "I've a good mind to ring the police."

"Constable Sammy wouldn't thank you at this time of the morning. Besides, we'd have to go to court."

Laura saw the sense of it. "Well, we'd better lock the back door."

I remembered that in the excitement of having a budgie on the premises I had forgotten last night to bolt the back door. "A cup of coffee?" I suggested. "And then back to sleep?"

We had our coffee. By now Lewis and Carroll and Piper were all very wakeful. The budgie's voice followed us up the stairs, cheerful as usual, "Mud, mud, glorious mud. Mud, mud, mud."

We laughed together, and stood for a moment by the tall window on the landing, watching the dawn. Our burglar was gone; Nandi was asleep; and the only real problem in our world was Piper. From downstairs his cheerful, husky voice said, from time to time, "Mud, mud, glorious mud. Mud, mud, mud."

"He'll have to go," I said, rather sadly.

Laura, however, suggested we give him a trial.

Just then, in some curious way, Piper seemed to sense what we were saying about him, although he was downstairs. Suddenly in the same cheerful and throaty way he spoke. "Life is mostly froth and bubble, two things stand out like stone kindness in another's trouble, courage in your own."

Laura and I stared at each other. "Thank goodness," said Laura, "he knows something else."

From downstairs came Piper's voice again. "Mud, mud, mud."

But he would be with us a long time, I knew that. He was a character, an individual, a personality. No matter how many satellites passed over us, or how many hydrogen reactions were tamed, Piper would reign over our fragment of the universe.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—JUNE 22, 1960



Illustrated by Phillips

EVEN now, sipping vermouth on the Via Veneto, she was thinking of Greg. The first quick superiority of being abroad, of having outwitted him in some mysterious way (although he had made no move to prevent her going) had faded almost in a week. She had crossed an ocean, not to escape him, since he did not pursue, but to find herself.

Someone had asked her, just before the ship sailed, in a moment of half-drunken perception: "But just what are you looking for, Sara?" And she had said, sounding a little pretentious, but recognising it as a truth until then obscured: "I suppose it's to find new values." "Values?" someone had shouted. "Is that what they call the Latins these days?" Yet, looking back, it was still the only honest answer. If she hadn't exactly found them yet it was because of a mental laziness engendered by travel.

She sipped her vermouth and glanced around in the always unadmitted hope of the traveller abroad: that hope of finding a familiar face at the next table. But a stout, heavily astrakhaned couple were squeezing themselves into the narrow seats and settling two solemn, ear-muffled children. Nearby, a balloon was being bought for a young baby who drooled in prospective ecstasy. Two Englishmen sat at the next table, discussing the girls who passed in not-very-discreet murmurs.

Sara sat back and half-closed her eyes in the timid winter sun. She was just getting over the habit of wondering what Greg was doing now. It was never hard to guess, since his life followed a sort of dissolute routine: breakfast at ten or eleven, feeling terrible, then a shower or bath. There was no fixed plan, since he had never had to work in his life. Perhaps, she sometimes speculated, it was his idleness that had attracted her. He had made almost a religion of it and was forever seeking new ways of passing the time.

He dabbled in the Stock Exchange, she knew, but his real life began about four in the afternoon, when he descended to some hotel to meet friends. The evenings were blurred and lavish: always there was a girl somewhere, preferably a young girl. And, of course, he had no trouble in finding one, despite his fifty-odd years. Sara gathered up her bill sharply at that point. She always resented time spent in thinking of Greg, since it left her coiled and tensed with the old, useless emotions.

They had met six months ago: it had been late summer back home, and she'd gone to a barbecue party where the crowd was that

It was at a barbecue party that Sara had first met Greg Bennett.

amorphous artistic-social mixture which is never quite one or the other. Greg really belonged to much more exalted circles, but rumor had it he'd been kicked out of most of them. He had brought to the party a red-haired young woman in a low-cut dress. After a while Greg had wandered over to her.

"Hello, you're new!" His eyes skimmed over her, mocking, but without offence.

She smiled back. "Not really. But I suppose I'm new to you."

"Wonderful. You don't know how tired I am of all these same old faces..." He had grimaced and in a few minutes they were laughing over something or other. He certainly had that knack, she must admit. He could make you laugh. At first it was a game they played, a clever game for grown-ups. But then Greg had sensed that it meant more than that to her, and had said bluntly: "Look here, you'd better know the truth about me: I always make women miserable. I've had three wives, and none of them could put up with me, so I'll never marry again."

She had accepted the challenge, secretly sure she would be the exception. How self-assured one was at twenty-two! She had agreed to accept it for "what it was worth," but now she saw she had all the time been fooling herself. He'd only encountered silly women before, women who didn't know how to handle him. Yet when the time came she hadn't known, either. Is there any way of

handling an overgrown, spoilt child of fifty?

Now it was dusk, and she pushed along the absurdly narrow pavement, suddenly tired. It was while she was standing by a bus-stop, lazily absorbing the colors and scents of the Roman dusk, that she thought she saw his car. For a moment there was no sense of place or time.

This was no longer Rome, where she was carving out a new, satisfactory life for herself, but the same city where she had eagerly followed his every action. A moment later she

recovered: of course it wasn't Greg's car... how could it be? He was ten thousand miles away, absorbed in his new conquest.

But when she got back to her flat—shared with an Embassy girl who seemed perpetually away for the weekend—she poured herself a drink and reached for the telephone. Tommy Blake would know if Greg was in town. He worked at Cooks and knew everyone. He also knew what Sara was running away from.

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A GAME FOR GROWN-UPS

BY MARY WILKINSON

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The Theatre Suit

The theatre, or dinner, suit is a new-again fashion, freshened by unexpected colors and fabrics. It is neither long nor bare; yet, worn in its correct setting, the suit is one of the season's peak dazzlers.

— Betty Keep

DINNER

Pretty coverage is seen (right) in the Maggy Rouff dinner suit. The fabric choice is pastel blue and silver brocade. The tunic jacket is straight-cut and front-buttoned and is tied low and loosely with a self-material belt.



LATE-DAY

Jacques Heim trims the hip-length jacket of the after-five suit (above) with golden-brown fox fur. The pillbox hat is in the same superb wool as the suit. The sleeveless blouse and tailored belt are in lame.

RESTAURANT

Maggy Rouff design (right) for a straight-cut, longer-length jacket and slender skirt. The material is chocolate-brown velvet. A satin overblouse, in a lighter shade of brown, has a wide-away frilled collar worn outside the jacket.





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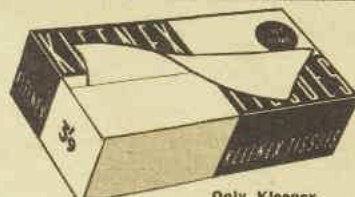
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DRESS SENSE *By Betty Keep*

● This belted overblouse with matching easy-cut skirt was specially chosen to answer a reader's design request.

A PAPER pattern for the design is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust.

Here is the reader's letter and my reply:

"I F two-piece jumper suits are still being worn, would you please cut me a pattern? This style suits me well if it has a belt and is not too fitted. My material is a pearl-grey wool-and-rayon mixture. I take size 36in. bust."

The two-piece look is very much in fashion and it could be a pre-spring replacement for a suit.

The design I have chosen (at right) has an easy-fit, belted tunic blouse and straight, but not narrow, skirt.

A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust.

Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I INTEND buying a really expensive fur stole and thought you might advise me about the type of pelts to choose."

This season medium- to short-haired pelts are preferred to long-haired ones. Mink, nutria, chinchilla, and sable are all prestige fur choices.

"COULD you give me a little assistance about a late-afternoon frock to be made in satin brocade? I want the frock to have dolman sleeves and a round neck, but can't decide on the other details. I am tall, thin, and in my late thirties."

A deep dolman-sleeved sheath with a wide, inset midriff and tapered skirt would be an attractive design made in satin brocade. A shoulder-to-shoulder neckline is newer than a rounded one.

"MY daughter is having a simple wedding in early spring and I wondered if you could tell me if a toque made in silk dress material would be correct for me to wear."

A high toque in silk typifies one of the newest millinery silhouettes for spring.

"PLEASE suggest something new and smart for a late-day frock. My material is a fine wool and I also have a piece of black taffeta for a sash."

A slim dress with an above-knee-length tunic and cummerbund belt is my design choice for a late-day dress. Have the bodice finished with a high collarless shoulder-to-shoulder neckline and tiny sleeves. Use the taffeta for the cummerbund belt.

"WOULD you help me plan an outfit consisting of rayon-and-wool suiting and a piece of printed silk? I have enough print for a blouse and jacket lining or for a straight

sleeveless frock, and 4yds. of the suiting. I want to be able to wear the outfit for early spring as my dressmaker can't make it till next month."

A popular design that will continue into spring is a demi-fitted jacket, hip-length and finished with bracelet-length sleeves and a tapered skirt. Use the print for an overblouse, jacket lining, and tall turban.

"I WANT to make myself a chiffon sheath frock for dancing. The material is a rosy-red shade. Could you offer a few suggestions for style? I am 17, slim, and look best in rather narrow skirts."

A new and attractive design for dancing would be a princess sheath in daytime-length.

Have the bodice-top finished with a halter neckline and the back finished with two floating panels fastened to the shoulder-straps. The panels will be best fairly full and falling to hemline-length.

"PLEASE help me in combining some white and navy wool. I have 1½yds. of 54in. white and about 2yds. 54in. navy. I am 17 years old, and loose, tailored styles seem to suit me best."

My suggestion is a straight-cut slim skirt in white and a tunic blouse in navy. Have the tunic wrist-length, semi-fitted, and finished with short sleeves and round, flat collar. Add two patch pockets placed low and you will have a slick tailored outfit.



DS407. Two-piece suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9. Pattern may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Look casual! Live carefree! in a new sox fashion!

HOLEPROOF

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FOR ALL THE FAMILY



Biggest range . . . newest colors . . . smartest styles
Crew-sox in nylon! orlon! cotton! wool! & mohair!

Step sprightly . . . step brightly . . . step out in the newest crew-sox casuals. Bright, bold, beautiful colors that snub drab winter, put spring in your step, give you a "glad-to-be-alive" feeling. Holeproof carefree crew-sox have that clean cut look you've always wanted for casual wear. Some are bulky knit for extra warmth. All are snug fitting for comfort, smartly styled for modern living. Give your feet a lift — choose from the Holeproof Crew-Sox range — there's a style that's right for everyone in the family.

Men's, 11/9; Women's, 8/11 and 9/11; Teenagers', 8/11 and 9/11; Children's, 6/11 and 7/11.

A. MEN'S CREW-SOX — 3 STRIPE; B. CHILDREN'S CREWS; C. TEENERS' POPCORN TOPS.

D. BOYS' & YOUTHS' OLYMPIC STRIPE; E. MEN'S WOOL & MOHAIR — STRETCH TO FIT.



TO PLEASE THE HEART OF EVERYONE . . .

H

HOLEPROOF

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 22, 1960

Page 31



NEW PERSIL'S BRIGHTENING DISCOVERY GIVES YOU AN EVEN WHITER WASH!

Thrill to the sight of this new pure white

"Amazing new whiteness!" "Such pure, dazzling whiteness!" "It seems to be a magic, bright white!" That's what you'll hear all over Australia, as housewives thrill to the sight of their wash with New Persil. Just as in England, where New Persil's brightening discovery helped it to out-sell all other washing powders and detergents three-to-one, women here are finding New Persil gives them results to be proud of. When New Persil's fine, soapy suds search out every speck of dirt, you get pure, gleaming whiteness all along the line.



New Persil is specially recommended for every type of Washing Machine. Whatever type of washer you own, you'll find New Persil's pure, soapy suds shift dirt as nothing else can. No wonder Persil is recommended for all washing machines.



Prove New Persil's pure gentleness, too! Feel the smoothness of your hands after you wash-up in New Persil. That's the real three-times-a-day test of gentleness.

Treble your money back

J. Kitchen & Sons are so confident of New Persil that they will refund treble your purchase money if New Persil does not live up to everything claimed for it in this advertisement. Just return the unused portion of your packet to Box 1590, G.P.O., Sydney.

New Persil washes even whiter!

HOME AND FAMILY

IS YOUR CHILD GIFTED?

THIS is the first of four articles designed to help parents, who can do so much towards channelling their children's talents properly.

Many gifted children are not discovered. Consequently their talents may be wasted.

There are many different kinds and different degrees of giftedness. These range from the child prodigy and the genius (both extremely rare) to children with high general intelligence, brilliant students, mentally advanced children, the mathematically bright, the academically gifted, the mechanically clever, and so on.

Child prodigies need only brief discussion. To the question "Is your son or daughter a child prodigy?" most parents would reply "Heaven forbid!"

Among them are children who perform marvellous feats of mathematical calculation (such children are often exploited by their parents for prestige or profit).

Their fame is often brief, though musical prodigies are less likely to fade into oblivion. Yehudi Menuhin began to play the violin at the age of three.

Geniuses are different from prodigies. A genius produces great and original works. He is creative, with a quite new, brilliant outlook, and has great concentration.

Genius is very rare. And contrary to popular opinion, the number of insane geniuses is very small.

Einstein, Michelangelo, Pasteur all had genius. Genius conceived the modern wonders of television, A-bombs, space rockets.

● **Today's gifted children are the scientists and leaders who may save civilisation tomorrow. So it is up to parents to recognise and help develop the special abilities of their children.**

Genius will probably find man's way to the moon and stars.

But not genius unaided. The teamwork of highly trained, gifted experts is necessary to achieve the complex wonders of today—in space, science, medicine, and other fields.

How can parents tell if a child has unusual talent?

Tests have shown that the chances are that a child gifted in some special field also has high general intelligence.

Sound sleepers

He probably shows several types of ability—linguistic, mathematical, scientific, artistic, mechanical—and is well adjusted socially.

He is not often puny, stoop-shouldered, or physically under-developed.

Quite the opposite. As a group, gifted children are found to be slightly bigger and better-looking than others.

They tend to be ahead of others of the same age in walking and talking, learning to read and count, and, later, in schoolwork.

They sleep better and are more stable. There are, of course, exceptions, and some

greatly handicapped people—such as the blind Helen Keller—turn out to be highly gifted and do invaluable work.

Gifted children also show (as a rule) a remarkable memory, a keen desire to learn, and an almost insatiable curiosity about new things.

They are able to solve problems without help and to cope with unfamiliar situations. They have a capacity beyond their years for reasoning things out.

They have abundant mental energy and are often "self-starters" who initiate their own interests, hobbies, or studies.

They often show capacity for leadership at an early age. They are fun to be with, and usually enjoy games.

According to character tests, they tend to be less boastful than other children, more truthful and trustworthy under stress, and less likely to cheat.

But parents should be warned that it is not always easy to identify a gifted child. Some glib, vivacious children give the impression of being brighter than they are.

Some children who have been coached or pushed by over-ambitious parents or teachers

are trained to show some of the characteristics that gifted children show naturally.

School results, intelligence tests, and the teachers' opinions are also guides to an older child's giftedness.

But sometimes there's a mistake. Sir Winston Churchill, at the age of 13, was rejected by a school's admission committee. They didn't like the look of his school record or what his teachers said about his talents.

"Winnie" still managed, on his own initiative, to become a great statesman and leader, historian, artist, orator, and writer!

The parents' attitude to a gifted child is most important.

Joys of childhood

He shouldn't be forced prematurely into advanced work—he needs to experience the joys of childhood as well as to develop his capabilities. Don't over-schedule his time.

Let him try his wings, but refrain from "showing him off." Don't boast about him in his presence—there's nothing he likes less. And don't let him think he is the centre of the universe.

Sometimes parents expect too much of a bright child—he shouldn't be saddled with his parents' ambitions, for that kills his own.

Also, keep his part of the family. He should not be allowed to feel personally isolated just because his gifts are greater than those of his brothers and sisters.

NEXT WEEK: The Gifted Pre-School Child.

Copyright, 1960, by Ruth Strang. From the new book *HELPING YOUR GIFTED CHILD*, by Ruth Strang, Ph.D., published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc., New York.

AUSTRALIAN

HOMES

● Bluey greets visitors to "Kooroogama" by the sign which points to house and stables.



● Virginia creeper makes a cool haven of the verandah near the entrance of "Kooroogama" during the blazing summer. In autumn the creeper turns to wonderful red and gold. French windows lead into the rooms.



COUNTRY HOMESTEAD

THE homestead of "Kooroogama," cattle and sheep property of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Livingston at Moree, in the rich north-west of N.S.W., is more than 50 years old. The house, five and a half miles from Moree, was originally built for Mr. and Mrs. Dick Reid, who are still in Moree.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



● Above: Recently decorated bathroom which adjoins Mr. and Mrs. Livingston's bedroom. The ivy-patterned paper on ceiling and walls contrasts with pale pink tiles.

● Left: Mrs. Livingston's sister, Miss Mary Throsby, has her own suite in the house. This is a view of her bedroom, looking into her sitting-room. She brought many beautiful furniture pieces, including the canopied bed, from her mother's home.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

June 22, 1960

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



GIRL WITH A FLAIR FOR CLOTHES . . . pages 8, 9

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Be honest about smoking

ALL teenagers must face the problem, "To smoke or not to smoke," sometime. When, about the age of nine, I showed curiosity towards smoking, my parents explained that it was a very costly habit and that there was reason to suppose that it might, in some cases, cause lung cancer. They told me that all children were bound to have a go at it sometime or other "down behind the cowshed," but asked me not to join in with the gang. They promised that if I waited until my fifteenth birthday they would give me a cigarette to try. This they did, and I can honestly say that now I know what it is like I have no further desire to smoke while in my teens. It would be far easier to get into the habit of smoking if one was forced to go against one's parents to see what it was like. At first there would be the thrill of doing something new and forbidden, and then you would keep on just to be like the rest of the gang, and before you knew where you were it would become a habit. All this was eliminated by my parents' policy

of honesty on both sides.—
(Miss) A. Greenwood, Launceston, Tas.

OUR PIN-UP Young Sydney singer-guitarist RobE (pronounced Robby) G., whose trick professional name is made up out of his own real Christian names, Robert George. His surname is Porter and he recently signed a contract to record for the Pye label.

of honesty on both sides.—
(Miss) A. Greenwood, Launceston, Tas.

Marrying age

MAY I explain my views on the reasons for the increase in girls marrying in their teens? For hundreds of years girls married very young and cared for their menfolk (which is why women were created. Eve was made for Adam, not Adam for Eve). Then some fanatical women decided women needed equality, the vote, and all that jazz. So women became independent and are no longer as respected by men as they used

to be. Now the novelty of having equal rights has worn off. During this century it has been the custom to marry in the mid-twenties, as girls had careers to follow. But now girls are leaving school young because it is only natural. It is the right thing; girls aren't meant to be brainier, smarter, and wealthier than men. I yearn for the good old days when we needed to be protected.—"P.W.," Glenelg, S.A.

Skiffle fun

FORMING a skiffle group is fun, and finding how to make various sounds is a test to any intelligent person. There are the basic instruments such as the tea-box bass and the scrubbing-board, but with a little bit of thought many new and different instruments can be made. I am making a set of drums out of tin cans and spare pieces of timber at present. One of my friends has a bottle-top castanet, which consists of a piece of timber with several cross arms, to which groups of bottle-tops are nailed. There is a piece of rubber nailed to the base of the centre piece, and the sound is produced by banging the "instrument" on the floor. It really gives a solid beat. Of course, the main harmony is provided by guitars or mouth-organs.—G. J. Montgomery, Cairns, Qld.

Hitch-hiking only for boys

● "Hitch-hiker" (T.W., 11/5/60) said that hitch-hiking was safe in Tasmania but not in other States. Readers say it is safe everywhere — for boys but not for girls.

IN Victoria you are just as safe hitch-hiking as you would be when travelling in your own car. Over the last 18 months I have hiked approximately 25,000 miles between Melbourne and Geelong and several of our surf beaches, and have never struck an impolite or unsociable driver.—Terry Healey, Flemington, Vic.

HITCH-HIKING is safe in all States. The most important "do's" and "don'ts" which I consider most necessary are: DO: dress well, be clean, neat, and tidy; DON'T: carry a lot of luggage and don't go in a group. Someone might be willing to pick up one "hitcher" but not more. Be very polite, but don't talk too much. I like to see boys out hitch-hiking, but to see a girl out "hitching" a ride is most degrading.—Denise Wenck, Maryborough, Qld.

IN N.S.W. it is quite all right for males to ask for rides, but for girls it just is not done. Any girl who thumbs for a ride is branding herself as a

"bad" type, and has only herself to thank for the consequences. However, if you are offered a lift you must use your discretion as to whether it is safe or not. If you are in any doubt, DON'T.—Win-some Evans, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

IN Victoria hitch-hiking is completely safe. Every Christmas my friends and I go camping down by the sea-side. As our camp is usually miles from the township we have to rely on thumbing a ride into town. We have always been given a ride and never have we been in danger. Even during the year when there has been no transport I have always been given a ride by a passing stranger. All these people have been of the highest integrity and all have been good drivers. I think that all the stories you hear are mainly "old maid" tales.—Alan Schwab, Burwood, Vic.

I WOULD say hitch-hiking is no more dangerous on the mainland than in Tas-

mania. I hitch-hiked to Melbourne and back from Brisbane last vacation and encountered no trouble at all. Provided the prospective hitch-hiker is reasonably dressed he should have no difficulty getting a lift, and provided "he" is male no trouble should arise. The danger of being picked up by a poor type is very small.—David Maxfield, Brisbane.

IN Queensland no sensible girl would think of thumbing a lift. She is too wary of bad types and remembers her mother's warning: "Never accept a lift from a stranger." That's why I'm surprised (and envious) when I hear of travellers having a wonderful time hitch-hiking over Europe.—Kathryn Smith, Broome, Qld.

I THINK hitch-hiking is safe everywhere. I am a 15-year-old Victorian girl, but have hitch-hiked to various States with other girls of my age. We find it as safe as with someone we know.—"Funlover," Benalla, Vic.

Co-ed grouch

WHY can't students at co-ed schools mix freely without receiving disapproving looks from teachers? At the high school I attend there's nothing in the rules that says students of opposite sexes should not walk, talk, or sit together, but heaven help anyone who is caught committing these serious crimes! Teachers give them cold looks, other students spread wild rumors, and the whole affair usually winds up with a little talk with the principal. Admittedly, students shouldn't wander round holding hands and whispering sweet nothings, but surely there is nothing wrong with just talking together.—"Co-ed," Adelaide.

Singing style

IT makes me mad to hear teenagers say, "Why can't Australian rock singers stop copying Americans and adopt an Australian style." The reason they can't is because the Americans have adopted an Australian style. They hop around the stage like kangaroos, howl like dingoes, screech and scream like parakeets, and wriggle like snakes. Yet they call that an American style.—Lynette Hearn, Brisbane.

Easy life

GIRLS have an easy life! They leave school after going as high as they can without any effort and then go to work. As soon as they have enough money they are off on a working holiday to Europe, returning two years later flat broke. They then expect Dad to support them until they get married. Boys, however, stick it at school until they have sufficiently high qualifications to obtain a good, steady job. They then commence to save so they will be able to get married and support a family. No chance for travel — just plain work while you girls are having yourselves a "ball." What a crook deal!—"J.W.," Essendon, Vic.

Learn and earn

I HAD been wondering if I should go to high school and on to college, or perhaps would it be better to go to work and learn a trade, when a salesman in a shop helped me to make up my mind. He said to me, as I was admiring goods I couldn't afford, "The more you learn, the more you will earn, take the 'L' off learn and you have earn." I only had to look at employers' advertisements to see that that was true, so now I've made up my mind to study hard.—P. C. Slough, Earlwood, N.S.W.

Not crazy

I AM a Greek girl of fifteen and am not allowed to go out with boys. I can join clubs, go swimming, and go out with my girl-friends to the pictures, etc. Lots of boys have asked me to go out with them, but I refuse. I am not worried, for I am very happy with my family without being crazy over boys.—Zoe Pauli, Sydney.



Linley Woods

The age for dating

I AM only 15, and I asked my mother if I could go out occasionally with boys after my sixteenth birthday. She replied with a very firm "No!" I asked her what age she thinks is right, and she said when I turned 18—If she thought I was sensible enough. And my father and elder brother agree wholeheartedly with her! Don't you think they're a bit hard on me?—Linley Woods, Mt. Cotton, Qld.

MANY boys of about 14 years of age in our city take girls to the pictures each Saturday afternoon. My idea is that this is a ridiculous age for boys to take girls out. I think 17 is a better age. Instead of spending money on girls and pictures they could enjoy sport or, as I do, go rabbiting and earn money.—Frank Gedy, Ballarat, Vic.



Frank Gedy

Blue room

I USED to feel awful when I had to come home from school to my dull, dark old bedroom. But now it's different. I've repainted and decorated it. Instead of having all the walls the same color I have painted each wall a different shade of blue, with the ceiling a very pale blue. I painted the floor a pretty blue with the new plastic paint and bought a white rug for it. My furniture is white, and around my full-length mirror I have blue padding. The bottom of my wardrobe has a blue frill around it. My bedspread is a blue-and-white-striped one, and altogether my room is the prettiest in my home.—B. Bolch, Dandenong, Vic.

TEST FOR LOVE

- You've been going steady for some time—and now you're wondering whether it's real love or just an infatuation.

This quiz, designed for a girl, will help answer that vital question. And if you're a boy, and want to test your feelings, just make the appropriate changes of gender.

Before reading the bottom half of the page, place a tick in the YES or NO box for each question. Then read on, and fill in your score as you go.

1. Do you feel lost when he's not with you?
2. Would you wear clothes he didn't like?
3. Do you think he's perfect?
4. Do you want your friends to meet him?
5. Do you feel he should ring or see you every day?
6. Are you jealous of the girls he works with?
7. Do you always like to know everything he does?
8. Do you ever give him a spontaneous kiss?
9. Are his looks important to you?
10. Are you content just to sit and talk, or go for walks with him?
11. Does he ask your advice about everything?
12. Does he seem proud of you?
13. Does he sometimes telephone you for no reason at all?
14. Does he try to change you?
15. Does he demonstrate his affection for you in public?
16. Does he try to understand your feelings about something as important as religion?
17. Can you truthfully say, "He's never looked at another girl"?
18. Does he say he doesn't care what anyone else thinks—as long as you like him?
19. To avoid a scene, would he turn a blind eye if someone was rude to you?
20. Does he get jealous?

Yes	Score	No
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TOTAL

1—You shouldn't. Even though you're in love, you are still a person in your own right, and should be able to enjoy talking to other people when he's not around.

Score 5 for No.

2—Not when you're with him, but there's no point in giving them away. Keep some faith in your own judgment.

Score 2 for No.

3—Well, you shouldn't. You should be able to see his faults, and love him in spite of them—or because of them.

Score 10 for No.

4—One of the nicest things about loving someone is to be able to share him with your friends and family. If you feel ashamed to introduce him, drop him... but fast.

Score 6 for Yes.

5—Don't be too possessive. If you're too demanding of his time, chances are you're only using him for your own ends, although you don't know it. Al-

though a boy may dominate a girl's life and thoughts, he usually has business and male friends to think of as well.

Score 3 for No.

6—You're lucky if you can answer a truthful no to this one, but don't be too generous. Remember that you're the one he's taking out.

Score 2 for No.

7—Most people would answer yes to this one, but they still shouldn't ask. Everyone has to have his own privacy, and over-possessiveness can indicate an infatuation rather than love.

Score 3 for No.

8—Yes, you should, out of pure affection. You should be good friends with the boy you love, and able to discuss anything with him.

Score 5 for Yes.

9—They should be. He doesn't have to be good-looking, as long as his looks attract you. Physical attraction alone is not love, but it is a factor.

Score 8 for Yes.

10—If you're in love you supply the glamor. Even the simplest outing is fun if it's with him.

Score 6 for Yes.

11—He shouldn't. If he does he wants your apron-strings, not your love. He might need someone to lean on, to mother him, but it's not a sign of love.

Score 4 for No.

12—You may know you're not a raving beauty, but if he acts as if you are, then he's really in love.

Score 10 for Yes.

13—He should. If he only rings you when he's got something practical to say he may either be the undemonstrative type or perhaps he just doesn't think of you in any but a practical way.

Score 2 for Yes.

14—If he really loves you he should know that your faults are as much part of your personality as your good points. He should realise that you have faults and he should tolerate them.

Score 6 for No.

15—Yes, he should, but only to a degree that is neither embarrassing to you nor to anyone who may be present. He must learn to respect your feelings in this matter and to show consideration for others.

Score 5 for Yes.

16—Once again, he should. He certainly shouldn't dismiss them or try to ignore them.

Score 4 for Yes.

17—He should have. It's unnatural for a boy not to admire an attractive girl. Of course, he couldn't be expected to hide himself in a doorway or under a chair every time a girl came in view.

Score 3 for No.

18—For her sake he should make an effort to get on with your family and friends. He should realise that what they think is quite important to a girl, no matter how independent she is.

Score 8 for No.

19—He shouldn't. If he really loves you, your honor will mean more to him than his fear of causing notice. Men like to feel that chivalry hasn't quite died out.

Score 6 for No.

20—This one's tricky. You'd be right to feel a bit insulted if he didn't, but, then again, there's nothing worse than unreasonable jealousy. He should feel a little bit jealous if he really loves you, though.

Score 2 for Yes.



How did you score?

● If you scored over 95, then it's the real thing. But that doesn't mean you have to start collecting your trousseau. You'll probably be in and out of love several times before you're ready to settle down. Don't forget that your outlook will change as you grow older.

● If your score was between 75 and 95 you might not understand the real meaning of love. There could be genuine affection between you, but you are not ready for the essential unselfishness of a lasting relationship.

● If you scored below 75, could be you're both in love with love, but have the wrong person. Don't despair or break off your relationship if you're really good friends. But play the field a bit more before you even think of settling down.

● If you want to compare your own feelings with those you think he has, total your score for questions 1 to 10 and put it against that for questions 11 to 20.

SADDLE UP YOUR HORSES

By Jo Williams

● Horse-riding is fast becoming one of Australia's most popular sports. Spurred on by the nationwide Pony Club movement, boys and girls everywhere are becoming proud new horse-owners. And good horsemen and horsewomen.

THEY'RE proving that you don't need to be "born in the saddle" to ride well. Like most sports, horse-riding can be learned.

We asked Police-Sergeant Ron Livermore, of Sydney, to lay down a few easy-to-follow instructions and to demonstrate vital points in horsemanship, with the Mulley boys—Keith, 12, and David, 10, as models.

The boys are the sons of Athol Mulley, one of Australia's best-known jockeys.

Sgt. Livermore has been in charge of Sydney's Mounted Police for 14 years. For 10 years before that he was horse-breaking at the depot in Sydney.

He has taught hundreds of police how to ride and school their perfectly mannered horses. He has even taught "mounties" in Bangkok—through an interpreter.

He has judged horses and horsemanship nine times at the Sydney Royal Show, five times at Brisbane and Adelaide, twice at Melbourne, and Perth, once in Launceston.

"If anyone is keen enough and likes horses, I think you can teach him to ride," he says.

He teaches his "troops" the cavalry style of riding, the system taught in riding schools the world over.

Teaching starts, said Sgt. Livermore, with the right way.

● To bridle a horse

When you put the bridle on, the bit should fit well up in the horse's mouth—but not tight enough to wrinkle the corners of his mouth.

If the bridle is too long the bit will hit on the horse's bridle teeth and annoy him.

You should be able to put the width of three fingers between the gullet and the throat lash. Otherwise, when the horse is collected, the throat lash will annoy him. If really tight it can affect his breathing.

● Saddling up

Put the saddlecloth on. Pull the stirrup-irons up to the top of the leathers and thread the leathers through them, before lifting the saddle on.

A swinging stirrup-iron can hit the point of the horse's elbow, and can cause a shoe boil.

See that the saddle is put well up on the withers. If it is too far back when you girth the horse, the saddle will slide into its correct position, and you'll have a loose girth.

When girthing up, put the left hand on the top of the pommel, and with the right hand pull just tight enough to keep it on. Make sure the buckles of the girth are above the flaps on both sides, or the girth will pinch.

Before you take the saddle off, pull the stirrups up again.

● Mounting

Keith Mulley shows just how it should be done in the centre picture below.

● Position in saddle

Sit with you back straight. Keep your eyes at their normal height, looking straight over a horse's head. Wrists should be thoroughly mobile. Arms hanging naturally.

You must sit well down into the saddle.

Use the thigh muscles and the inside of the knee to grip with, leaving the leg below the knee free. The ball of the foot should be in the stirrup, the

heel slightly down, feet in line with the horse's body.

Your knee and point of the toe should be perpendicular so that the bottom end of the calf muscle touches the horse's side.

● The rider's "aids"

The aids are used to control a horse. They are the use of your hands and legs, the weight of the body, your voice, whip, and spurs.

The pressure of the calf muscles on the horse's sides is the rider's main "aid." That—and the hands.

Children should not use a whip or spurs until they are reasonably good riders. All beginners have a tendency to grip with their heels instead of their knees.

Good hands are very important.

Knuckles should be to the front with thumbs on top. From the bottom of the hand to the pommel of the saddle should be about four inches.

● Moving together

Next, the rider and the horse learn to move together.

Collect him first. This is done with a slight pull on the mouth and squeezing the horse's sides with the calf muscles. Then he is at attention—ready.

With increased pressure of the legs, lean slightly forward until the horse has reached the required pace at the walk, then release leg pressure.

To halt a horse, pull the reins slightly and lean back.

From walk to trot, lean forward again and use the leg muscles until he is at the required speed.

To canter, lean forward, exert pressure of the outer leg behind the horse's girth, and shorten the outer rein, turning the horse's head slightly outward to make him lead off with the inner leg.

When the horse strikes off with the correct leg, pull the right rein so that he will canter straight ahead.

If you are circling to the left, the outer leg of the rider is the right leg and the outer rein is the right rein. If you are circling to the right, the outer

leg is the left leg and the outer rein is the left rein.

Using this outer leg and outer rein will make the horse lead off with his inner leg, the opposite to the one used by the rider.

These are called the "lateral aids."

The "diagonal aids" should be used instead of the lateral aids in the advanced training of a horse, known as dressage.

In these you use the right rein to move the horse's head up slightly—but going straight ahead. Exert pressure with your left leg, then the horse will move off with his right leg. In other words, the diagonal aid is using the outer leg and the inner rein.

● Reining back

Collect your horse as in a walk, using the pull of the reins. When the horse commences to rein back, do not use leg pressure unless he swings his hind-quarters. If this happens, use this pressure on the side he swings out to straighten him up. Then you may move him step by step.

Stop him after each step back at first and reward him with a pat. You stop him by releasing the reins, squeezing him with the legs and leaning slightly forward. Do this gradually at first, only about five minutes a day to start with.

● Side passage

Collect your horse. If going to the right, turn his head slightly to look in that direction. Press the left leg just behind the girth and neck rein the horse with your left hand, but stay steady in the saddle.

Going to the right, the horse must put his left feet—rear and front—across in front of his right feet.

Like reining back, side passage requires unnatural movement of a horse. It should be taught gradually and slowly, with only a few minutes' tuition a day in the early stages.

Learning to ride also means learning how to look after a horse.

● Housing and feeding

There's nothing wrong with a little yard and a corner stall. Give him bedding of straw or soft wood shavings;



SADDLING UP. David Mulley makes sure the saddle is well up on the horse's withers.



MOUNTING THE HORSE. Keith Mulley, aged 12, demonstrates the right way to do it.



SIT with back straight and arms hanging naturally. Knuckles should be to the front.

FOR A RIDE

three small feeds or two bigish feeds a day.

Feed him bran and chaff. No oats if you're a weekend rider or a beginner.

If the horse lives in a stall he must have daily exercise. At least one hour — walk, trot, and canter.

Grooming

Grooming is massaging the skin. A horse has a top skin to send out the scurf, bottom skin that holds the roots of the hair.

It takes 30 to 40 minutes to groom a horse properly. Quick grooming is no good.

After a ride the most important thing is to clean the horse.

Use a wet rubber — that's a wet piece of bag — to remove all saddle and sweat marks and to circulate the blood where the girth and saddle have been to prevent sore backs and girth galls.

Then, when he's dried off, groom him.

Using a soft body brush, start from the near side, groom from the neck, down the near front leg. Then the body and the near hind leg. Cross and start again from the neck. Then groom his head and brush his mane and tail out.

Then wisp him over with a dry rubber—that's a dry piece of bag. And you should wipe round his eyes and nostrils with the wet rubber.

You should also dress his feet inside and outside with hoof dressing. And always before and after a ride pick up all his feet and go round with a hoof-pick in case he has picked up a nail or a stone.

Grooming must be done once or twice a day if a horse is being prepared for a show.

And brushes must always be kept clean. Rub the body brush against a curry-comb after every stroke.

What it costs

If you are still saving up to buy the horse of your dreams, where do you start, and what will it all cost?

Go shopping for a horse or a pony with about £50 in your pocket.

Before you buy, get somebody who knows horses to check him for sound-

ness—that's Number One—and quietness and manners and paces.

You'll probably have more fun with a pony than a full-sized horse, as there are so many pony classes in the shows.

Budget for about £3 a week to feed him.

Then there's your gear.

A single-rein bridle with an ordinary snaffle bit will cost from £4.

Learners should never use a double rein until they are quite competent. They could pull the curb rein by mistake and pull a horse over.

A light riding saddle, mounted with a wide leather folding girth—not less than four inches wide, with double buckles on each side—will cost about £40.

You'll also need a headstall (to tie him up for grooming), which will cost £2/5/-; a saddlecloth — preferably half a yard of ordinary collar check (12/9) because it can be washed and kept fresh and clean — and grooming tools.

A body brush costs £2/5/-; a dandy brush, to be used only to clean mud off a horse's coat, costs 10/-; a curry-comb, to clean the body brush, costs 7/6; hoof-pick costs 6/9.

And there you are, all ready to go, at a cost of about £100.

Besides equipping your horse or pony you must equip yourself for horse-riding and should be able to do it for about £20.

You need jodhpurs, boots, cap or hat, a coat.

Unless your budget is a fat one, buy ready-made jodhpurs. Most big stores and small saddlery specialists have a good range of sizes.

Buy elastic-sided boots. They slip off if your foot gets caught in the stirrup-irons.

Your coat—again off the peg—should have a vent centre back. A tweed coat is probably the best investment.

A felt hat always looks right, but it's wise to spend a few more pounds for the extra protection of a velvet cap mounted on a steel skullcap.

"And when you first get your pony," Sgt. Livermore concluded. "Ride it in a yard—in case it canters away with you."



YOUNG HORSEMEN Keith Mulley, 12 (left), and his brother, David, 10, on their ponies. They are the sons of leading jockey Athol Mulley, and with their young sisters, Michelle, 7, and Kim, 4, have been learning to ride since last January. The four little Mulleys ride nearly every Saturday and Sunday at stables at Bankstown, Sydney.



RISING to the trot is Keith Mulley. His pony is walking, so Keith leans forward and uses his leg muscles till he breaks into a trot.



CANTERING. Keith leans forward, exerting pressure to make the horse lead off with the correct leg, then canter straight ahead.

"DUSTMAN" DONEGAN COMING TO AUSTRALIA

from Betty Best, in London

● London's Lonnie Donegan, whose zany "My Old Man's A Dustman" swept to the top of the hit parades in England and Australia, is scheduled to visit Australia in November.

I AM looking forward to touring Australia in the autumn — that's your spring," said Lonnie when his plans were announced.

"In addition to appearing on TV, I hope to do stage shows at least in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide."

Lonnie, who plans to be in Australia for three weeks, can be sure of a wildly enthusiastic welcome.

His hilarious "Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor On The Bedpost Overnight?" topped the hit-parade last December — six months later "The Dustman" displaced the rock rhythms and ballads and took first place on the charts.

The tune of "The Dustman" comes from "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," according to Lonnie, who's a keen research worker where folk songs are concerned — and especially folk-songs which have proved such fantastic earners for him and his group.

"The Dustman" is a true folk-song in every sense of the term," said Lonnie, his usually impish face serious for a moment. "By this I mean that it evolved from various sources through its lifetime."

"We have traced it back to the late 1700s and found that the words probably originated in the Liverpool dock district."

"Then we know it was sung (with different words) by the students of Birmingham University as one of their University songs. But always to the hymn tune."

"How did I get it? Well, that's quite simple. I learned it at school myself as a kid. Once again not with the words we have recorded, because they were written for the recording by me. The ones we learned at school would hardly have done for publication."

Like most jazz musicians, there's no nonsense about Lonnie Donegan. Apart from discussing financial details of his success—"It only makes others jealous, or has them calling you a liar. Anyhow, I figure it's my business until I'm broke, then I'll start screaming and let everyone know."—he pulls no punches for the Press.

When I asked him what he thought had sent the "Dustman" straight to the top of the

English hit parade just four days after its release, he shot me another of those impish grins and said:

"I don't know about Australia—it probably doesn't apply there—but I do know in England it had a lot to do with the fact that most boys had their own version of it at school, and remember it very well."

"Then, on top of that, comedy numbers are very, very rare, indeed, and good ones practically non-existent. With this combination it couldn't miss."

Ninety records

There's been a lot about Lonnie Donegan that hasn't missed in the past six years. He's made no fewer than 90 records and 80-odd of these have been on the hit parades in England and all over. Many of these 80-odd have made the first five places.

But it all began three years after he'd been playing guitar and banjo with the Chris Barber Band. During that time he'd been practically unknown except as one of Chris' boys.

Chris got him to form a skiffle group within the band to do the folk-songs which are an integral part of jazz.

They started in 1951, but it wasn't until '54, with the inclusion of "Rock Island Line" as one of the numbers on a Barber LP, that anything much happened.

The following year it was decided to split the record into pairs of titles for issue on 78s. In a day or two this started a comet trail which sparked off more than a million sales (350,000 in England and 700,000 in U.S.A.) and incidentally made Donegan famous.

Suddenly the boy who was born in Glasgow (April, 1931) and brought up in the East End of London had a brand-new life ahead.

It must have looked like the Glory Road in comparison with all that had gone before. Because Lonnie, who was christened Anthony, left school at 14 and had a go at just about everything before he settled for music at 17.

He'd been in turn a builder's laborer, a shop assistant, a clerk, and a laboratory assistant.

Lonnie's father played the violin, and he'd always been pretty mad about music, so when the laboratory lost its charms he bought a guitar and taught

LONDON'S
Lonnie Donegan,
who, at 29,
is sitting pretty
in show
business.



himself to play it until he was good enough to fit in with the popular Barber Band.

Experience he got the hard way, sitting in at jam sessions with small local groups and in clubs. Then came National Service and while he was stationed in Vienna he started singing to his own guitar accompaniment.

By the time he was demobbed he'd decided to form his own group. When that was polished up, he was ready to join forces with Chris Barber, a real professional.

But no one then, especially Lonnie himself (who had chosen his "pro" name as a fan of Lonnie Johnson, the American negro guitarist), ever thought he would be world-famous on his own.

Now after several smash-hit tours of the States, both as a solo performer and with his own group, the Donegan boy at 29 can name his own price, pick his jobs, and look forward to many years at the top if the last six are any indication.

He's got his own weekly half-hour television show right through the summer, variety tours booked up nearly a year ahead, and records selling as fast as he can press them.

Three in group

And who's coming with Lonnie to Australia?

His touring manager and bass player Peter Huggett, who's been with the group for two years, his solo guitarist Les Bennetts, and drummer John Nicholls, known as Nicky by the boys.

They're all a little more than pantomimes with Lonnie and taken various roles in "Aladdin" and "Robinson Crusoe." They are all masters of variety comedy as well as experienced television performers. Their musical backgrounds are varied.

Peter started with three years

at the Royal Academy of Music as a legitimate bass cello player until jazz got him in.

Nicky has played in everything from big bands to small jazz groups until he became one of the original members of the Lonnie Donegan Skiffle Group.

Les, the only bachelor of the gang, had his own skiffle group until he joined Lonnie 18 months ago.

Wide following

The boys believe they have a unique sound which keeps them on top of this country and in constant demand in the States. They are proud of this sound, but very scathing about inferior skiffle groups which have belittled the name that Lonnie made so famous.

The thousands of fans all over the British Isles Lonnie attributes to the whole group, although they label themselves with his name.

They vary from teenagers still at school to an old lady of 70 who lives in Sheffield but who has travelled as far as London and Newcastle-on-Tyne to hear her idols.

"She's a real north country granny," Peter told me, "and usually travels with one of her granddaughters who is just as keen. Of course we're mad about her and she always comes backstage after the show to have a cup of tea with us."

The old-granny is proof of one of Lonnie's firmest claims. "We play our music light and full of fun so that everyone can enjoy it," he states proudly.

"We don't belong to the out-jutting lower lip, hip-wriggling school of Elvis Presley or the immature sensuality of Cliff Richards. Better warn Australia they won't get that from us. But they'll get real folk-music and a lot of laughs, if that'll do."



LONNIE in
the role of a
dustman—by
the way, his
old man is
NOT a dust-
man.

Rock singer plans for teen centre

● A young motor mechanic who has traded his pocketful of spanners for a pocketful of singing contracts plans to use his money to provide fellow teenagers with an American-style Teen Centre in Melbourne.

HE is 17-year-old, tousle-haired, freckled-faced Barry Greenwood, one of The Planets, whose orbit began to change course when disc jockey John Royce became his manager.

In October Barry will begin a six-week tour of Britain under a £3000 contract to Larry Parnes, one of Tommy Steele's managers.

In Australia W. & G. have begun to issue his rock beat pop records, and some time before October Britain's Marty Wilde (of "Bad Boy" fame) will record one of Barry's own compositions, "Lonely Am I."

Barry's first single, "Remember Your Kissin'" and "Sittin' on Top of the World" on Astor label, has been spinning steadily on local turntables for some months.

"A Teen Centre is the best thing I can think of doing with my money," Barry said.

"I hope it will be a real teenage mecca, with record bar, coffee lounge, books, and clothes departments just for teenage tastes, and staffed by teenagers."

It was Barry's inimitable stage presentation that captured the £3000 British contract.

John Royce said: "Larry Parnes flipped when Barry went into his routine at a teenage dance in Coburg Town Hall."

"Barry's polished rock technique is exactly what the English youngsters go for."

"Most rock singers have a pleasant voice and no presentation ability, but Barry had the reverse."

"His presentation is completely natural, but his voice wasn't so hot until, through hard work and study, he developed it sufficiently to impress Parnes."

Barry is still having regular lessons from Patti Stewart, a Melbourne musician, who is on record herself as a pianist.

He has written five numbers himself—the first in the middle of the night when he couldn't sleep, the others while trout-fishing at weekends.

Barry was originally a guitarist with The Planets, but can also play convincingly the trombone, trumpet, banjo-mandolin, mouth-organ, piano, and piano-accordion.



BARRY GREENWOOD

WORTH HEARING

BEETHOVEN: Violin Sonatas

BY "violin sonatas" (in music of and since Beethoven's day) we normally mean sonatas for violin and piano, in which, theoretically, the violinist and pianist are equal partners. But in practice, because the violin is a melodic instrument and the piano ideal for providing a background, the violin tends to be cast in the "star" role.

Partly for this reason and partly because they are both "virtuoso" instruments, violin-and-piano sonatas tend to be more assertive, showy (and popular) than the more intimate branches of chamber music, such as the string quartet.

This is generally true of Beethoven's sonatas, although, as a pianist, he tended to give the piano more equality.

Two of the most famous of Beethoven's (or any) violin sonatas, the "Kreutzer" and the "Spring," are recorded on one disc by the distinguished brother-and-sister team of Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin (H.M.V.).

—Martin Long

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker



AL MUNRO (left) and Johnny Rebb (third from right), with The Delltones (from left) Noel Widerberg, "Pee Wee" Wilson, Brian Perkins, and Warren Lucas.

● Surprise inclusion in the first batch of Coronet single local releases is 18-year-old New Zealander Al Munro. Al was born on a bee farm, writes his own material, has had two 45s out in N.Z., and comes of a musical family.

HE will do TV and radio appearances here to promote his new disc, "Looking And Longing"—"In The Dark." The lively jazzy backing he gets from a group called The Coronets should give it an appeal to more sophisticated tastes as well as to teens.

Together with the Delltones ("Little Miss Heartbreak," "Take My Heart," both written by Tommy Steele's manager) and Johnny Rebb ("How Will It End?", "There You Go"), Al will have a chance of breaking into the U.S. market.

All local Coronet releases will be on offer to the company's American principal, CBS Columbia.

Local talent Another new N.Z. voice on the local market is that of 20-year-old Pete Barchard, who makes his disc debut here with his big Rank N.Z. single, "Tall Oak Tree," "Bye-Bye, Blackbird," released now on Top Rank. Pete does his own arranging and directing, and knows how to use a highly agreeable voice. Watch out for his next.

DEE Jay John Laws gets a real Nashville sound into "Made To Be Loved" (Rex 45). "Run, Boy, Run" is supposed to be the big side, but it could be a little monotonous.

LONNIE LEE, the boy who got his start two years ago by imitating Elvis, has gone quite a way since then. A Leedon EP, "This Is Lonnie Lee," features a much more mature singer, specially in "My First Day." Others are "Rosaleen," "Lover Doll," "That's Alright, Mama."

Pops "Elvis Is Back!" (R.C.A. LP) is here, with a dozen tunes he hasn't done before, a full-size color pin-up on the jacket back, and a lift-out glossy leaflet with 15 black-and-white photographs of Elvis in the Army.

TV fans of "Sunset Strip" star Roger Smith can hear their hero on a Warner Bros. 45, "Beach Time" (not so hot) and the virtually indestructible oldie, "Cuddle Up A Little Closer." "Jeff Spencer" just about staggers through.

CURRENT hits such as "My Home Town," "Paper Roses," "Everybody's Somebody's Fool," along with nine others of equally good value, are on the Popular Record Club's "Tops in Pops" LP for June — No. 10 in this excellent series.

PEOPLE who have lost interest in Pat Boone are likely to think differently after they hear the swingy treatment he gives "Walking the Floor Over You." Flip is "Spring Rain," a well-sung romantic ballad.

Flamenco A thriving market for flamenco and all types of Spanish music was created by the Luisillo tour of 1958, and it's likely that the current Australian season of the Alegrias de Espana company will create more fans. Festival is again smartly off the mark with "Flamencan Songs and Dances" (LP) featuring Carmen Amaya and her talented gipsy family.

Opera Recorded at the Florence Festival of Music, "Madam Butterfly" (Popular Record Club LP) stars lyric soprano Anna Maria Frati and tenor Ottavio Taddei of the Maggio Musicale, together with two other members of this acclaimed opera group in 11 of the Puccini opera's best-loved arias.

Classical What could be a lastingly delightful memento of the Boston Symphony tour is an R.C.A. LP, with the orchestra, under its French-born director Charles Munch, in "The French Touch." Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice," Saint-Saens' "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," and Ravel's "Mother Goose Suite," all attractive and not too often played. Monaural or stereo.

Jazz When "Conniff Meets Butterfield" the resulting music is just fine for either listening or dancing, with the Conniff Orchestra going along with its usual admirable discipline in the company of the fluent Butterfield trumpet. (Coronet LP, monaural or stereo.)



● Perfect for both afternoon and evening wear is this mohair coat, which is buttoned through and has a swing back. With it Annabel wears natural accessories. She has a matching skirt of the same color and material, which she teams with pretty blouses and sweaters for informal evening parties.

● OUR COVER shows Annabel, in a perfect driving outfit, about to set off in her low-slung white roadster. To protect her hair from the wind, she wears a Paisley scarf.

ANNABEL — A GIRL WITH A FLAIR FOR CLOTHES



● One of Australia's most striking and best-dressed teenagers is 18-year-old Annabel Rymill, younger daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Rymill, of Adelaide. A petite 5ft. 2in., with exquisite coloring, Annabel has a flair for clothes, which she wears with ease. Although she looks perfect in sports clothes — chosen to match the small white roadster her parents gave her recently — she is happiest in formal clothes. Annabel is studying singing at the Elder Conservatorium of Music, but has no concert ambitions. Pictures by Max Farrell.

● Classic simplicity marks this lovely evening gown of chiffon — one of Annabel's favorites. The bodice consists of hand-made lilac blossoms, and with the gown Annabel wears elbow-length gloves in matching blue. The fur she holds is Arctic fox.



● Formal dinner gown of pleated silk organza and Brussels lace (above) perfectly sets off Annabel's cameo-like beauty. Always perfectly groomed, she wears her dark, waist-length hair in a French roll coiling into a chignon.

● Annabel chose satin for her romantic debutante gown (left). Hand-made roses of the same material cascade down the softly flared skirt. With the gown Annabel wears a matching stole and evening bag, and for gala evenings she often pins a gold clasp in her hair.

● Pierre Cardin suit (right) of reindeer coating is perfect for a chilly day in town. Annabel's high-fashion turban hat is made of tan, black, and white jersey, and with the suit she wears matching shoes, bag, and natural-colored gloves.





Does the shoe fit?

WHEN it comes to classifying teenage foot-wreckers, two definite types can usually be found in any group of girls.

The first type is the hard-to-the-ground flattie-wearer. This girl likes shoes that give lots of comfort but no support and she doesn't mind a bit about shuffling along in sloppy shoes that are badly run over at the heels.

She doesn't realise that if her shoes don't provide the support needed her whole foot is thrown out of line and that she's bound to suffer for it.

Now, it is quite all right for young girls (and others) to wear flat shoes if they want to, but the heels should be perfectly straight and not too low.

The best height for flat shoes is one-half to three-quarters of an inch.

The other "shoe" type is the girl who has just discovered high heels and wears them from daylight to dark. Struggling to keep her balance, she is the best example of poor posture (due to incorrect shoes) you could find.

The medium-heel shoe is just as smart as the spike heel and twice as healthy for youthful feet and posture.

The tall girl, in particular, looks more graceful in mid-high heels, rather than flats, which only serve to call attention to her height, anyway.



FOOT CARE CAN BE FUN

By Carolyn Earle

● Nobody cares much any more what size shoe you may wear, so the silly fad for crowding feet into painfully short or narrow footwear, just so you can boast of wearing a smaller size, has gone with the breeze along with high-button boots.

NOWADAYS it is much more important for a girl to have feet that are well formed with strong, flexible arches, straight toes, and unblemished skin.

To make your feet smoother in almost no time at all and keep them soft, make it a habit to rub them with hand lotion or perhaps a body-rub preparation at least once a day after your bath.

Pour some of the liquid in the palm of your hand and massage from the soles of the feet upward towards the knees. Use long, sweeping strokes first. Then shift to deep, gripping movements, round the feet and ankles, and up the calves in a spiral twist.

In winter the regular use of a soothing lotion on your feet and legs will keep them from chapping and turning red.

In the beginning, small corns can sometimes be removed from the feet and rough spots discouraged by softening them with the cuticle-remover preparation from your hand kit. Soak your feet in warm soapy water first, then wet a small pad of cotton-wool in the cuticle remover and apply this to the hardened skin that forms the corn.

Let it stay for several minutes, remove it, and wash the spot again with warm soapy water. Rub firmly with a thick towel and you will remove some of the horny skin layers. Repeat the treatment every few days.

Pedicure hints

Naturally, if the trouble is caused by badly fitting shoes, the horny skin will continue to form as long as the irritation remains.

NOTE: You can help break down incipient chilblains, too, if you give your feet a vigorous, rough towel-ling every time you have a bath.

It takes only a few minutes about once every 10 days to give yourself a pedicure, and the pleasure of seeing your toes looking well groomed and pretty through your fine stockings is well worth the small effort.

Use manicure scissors to trim nails straight across their full width. The pressure of a long big toenail against your shoe can cause ridges like corrugated paper, so be sure to keep yours level with the toe-tip and leave the sides intact.

Next, soak feet in a bowl of warm soapy water (you can do this while you take your daily bath) and dry well, especially between the toes.

Now, sitting on a low chair or



stool and bracing your foot against the bathtub, massage cuticle remover into the base of the nails. You can be quite firm with this—toenail cuticle is stubborn and tougher than fingernail cuticle. Then, with cuticle remover on an orange-stick covered with cotton-wool, gently push back cuticle.

Scrub and dry toes again to slough off dead skin and leave a clean surface for polish.

Pretty toes

Varnish is easy to apply if you use wads of cotton-wool to separate the toes and prevent smudges. Apply a base coat, the lacquer, and sealer as carefully as you paint your fingernails and for added effect match

the lacquer with your fingernail and lipstick shade of pink.

To discourage chipping you should remove a hairline of lacquer from the nail tips. Be sure to allow enough time to dry thoroughly.

Just for the fun of it, try some toe-gripping exercises like the girl pictured above to relax your feet and make them feel good after a night of dancing or if you stand on your feet a lot.

Curl the toes under to pick up marbles or jacks or try to write with a pencil, or curl up the edges of a rough towel with the toes.

Another good exercise is to walk a chalk line barefoot, one foot placed directly ahead of the other, curling toes under, throwing weight to the outer borders.

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Here's

your answer

New love

"I AM 18 and have been going out with a boy for some time. All through this time I have not looked at another boy nor he at a girl. But in the past four weeks another boy has made it clear that he loves me very much and has for some time. I went out with him last night and had a very good time. I have never felt like this before. I do not want to hurt either of the boys. John talked about getting engaged once. I was all for it then, but now it would be silly to say 'yes'."

"Mixed-up," N.S.W.

You've got the answer. It would be silly to say "yes" feeling as uncertain as you do. I can't tell you how to resolve your troubles without hurt to either boy. One of them is going to be hurt, badly.

You must be very sure before you make the break with the boy you were thinking of becoming engaged to. One good time on a date doesn't mean the man you were with is necessarily the one you most want to spend the rest of your time with.

Too young

"I AM 15 and I am going steady with a boy of 22. My mother agrees with us going out together, but I don't think this is right, as my other girl-friends go out with boys nearer their own age. I have told this boy how I feel, but he tells me not to worry. What do you think I should do?"

"Puzzled Teenager," Tas.

I disapprove strongly of a girl of 15 going out with a man of 22. I don't think she has had time, because of her age, to have the experience of the

world necessary to cope with the demands and situations that older people accept quite as a matter of course.

I agree with you that you should be going out with someone nearer your own age. In fact, I don't think you should be going out regularly with anyone of any age when you are only 15. Regular dating should wait till you are at least 16.

Double attraction

"WE are two rather attractive girls of 16. We like these two very handsome boys who live not far from us. We have known them since we were little and just lately have become attracted to them. Last year they used to like us, but we had other boy-friends. We have been wondering if we should ask them to a combined party at a girl-friend's place. Do you think they might refuse? There will be other boys at the party who don't know the girl giving it any better than they do."

H and B, Vic.

It would be quite correct and suitable to ask them to the party at your girl-friend's place if she agrees. Girls who give parties often ask their friends to bring boy-friends. When they do, you ask the boys on behalf of the hostess. Say, for instance: "Sarah Sminkelhoff is giving a party on Saturday night and has asked me to take a boy-friend. Would you like to come with me?" Be sure and make it plain right away that you are asking the boy to a girl-friend's party.

A refusal is always a likelihood whenever you invite anyone to anything, but I don't see from your letter that they would have any special grounds for refusing. You may as well ask them. Remember, you've got to be in it to win it.

Got home late

"LATELY, or for the past six months, I have not been able to go out as before. I am 15 and I think I am entitled to go out at least once a fortnight. After a lot of persuasion, my mother let me go to a dance last week. I met this boy where I work and he drove me home. It was very late when we arrived home and Mum was angry. She said that I wouldn't be allowed out any more. I think she is being very unfair!"

"Sam," Qld.

You've queered your pitch completely. I should think I would just sit and be a good girl for quite a while.

There seems to me to be a story behind that phrase "lately I have not been able to go out as before"—I think you probably behaved the same way before by staying out too late. Any girl who wants her mother to allow her to go out, and go out with her mother's confidence, should always come to an arrangement with her about the hour she should come home. And she should stick to the arranged time, scrupulously.

You can't expect your mother to trust you if she gives you permission to go out and you come in so late that she is angry. I think you are too silly for words to do this. She is not being a bit unfair. She is treating you exactly the way you deserve.

Set on nursing

"I AM 14½ and I will be leaving school at the end of this year if I can obtain my Intermediate Certificate. My problem is that I wish to become a nurse when I am old enough, but my father is very much against it. He wants me to go to a technical college next year to learn typing and shorthand and become a stenographer, but I don't want to. My mother, my relatives, and even my father's friends have tried to reason with him, but he is too pig-headed to listen. Would you please advise me and tell me what I should do, even if it means going to see a magistrate. Also what age can you leave home?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

I'm on your father's side. I think you should learn shorthand and typing. My reasons are probably different from his, but I think every girl, no matter what her chosen trade or profession, has a wonderful asset if she is an efficient stenographer.

You cannot begin to train as a nurse until you are 17, which gives you 2½ years to fill in. You must do something during that time, and learning to be a stenographer and earning your living at it seems to be a most desirable way to fill in the years.

When you do begin nursing you would find stenography a wonderful help in taking down the lectures that are part of your training.

You surprise me because you are at loggerheads with your father over this. I don't think you are very good at handling people yet, which is really not to be expected. But your mother and relatives surprise me more.

Everyone is being unpleasant about something you can't do for 2½ years. If you were pleasant about learning stenography now, how much more likely that your father would be pleasant about your wishes when you tell him later on that your heart is set on a nursing career.

That is if it still is. I'm not trying to put you off, because I think nursing really is the most wonderful career for a girl. But I am amazed when a girl of 14½ knows so definitely what she wants to do.

Even now I have trouble deciding what to wear, and at 14½ I was hopeless, but hopeless. I didn't have the slightest idea what I wanted to do. I

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



ARE you a Saturday-afternoon baby-sitter? It's a wonderful way to make a bit of extra pocket-money.

If you are, here are some ideas for you:

Children from two years up love to play with bits of old colored material (they're dolls' blankets), wooden ice-cream spoons, empty cotton reels on string, pegs, small boxes and cartons, old pill bottles (empty, of course), an old handbag.

Once they graduate to kindergarten, when they're from four to five years old, they adore old magazines to cut up, coloring-in pictures with crayons or black pencil, drawing round your hand and filling it in, then drawing circles round an old saucer or unbreakable dish, sewing pretty colored buttons on a card, folding a paper hat, making designs with used matches (stars and pine trees are simple).

If you're minding more than one young child, remember snatching toys is common among young children. Let them settle their own squabbles if possible, but if they start hitting one another, separate them and employ diversionary tactics, like "Let's play chasings."

If you're sitting at night for sleeping children, remember your responsibilities. Know where you can contact their parents immediately.

Take your own occupation, book, knitting, or studying. Don't help yourself to food, eat only what is left for you (if any is). Do not use the phone for your own calls unless it is essential. Keep the radio or TV turned down low, so you won't disturb the children and you'll hear them immediately they call.

used to say I wanted to be a nurse, just to keep the grown-ups happy when they asked me: "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

To get back to you, though, I think the wise step for you to take would be to tell your father you have thought things over and decided that he is right and you will go to tech. next year. Don't get yourself into a state about something that can't happen for such a long time.

By the way, no girl can leave home before she can support herself financially, and any girl can do this if she is an efficient stenographer.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



"Oh, Father!"

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE

INTRODUCTIONS

● It's easy to get flustered over introductions, but there's really no need if one or two basic rules are kept in mind.

Three situations that could come up in anybody's life are shown here, together with the right way of handling them. They illustrate the two fixed rules of introducing the man to the woman, and the younger to the older, as well as a teenage triangle with two boys and a girl. This is the first of a new series on points of etiquette — in pictures.



SITUATION: Mary and her mother meet a boy the mother doesn't know. Mary: "Mother, this is Bob White. He has invited me to the match on Saturday." She has done the correct thing in introducing the man to the woman, and younger to older. The little bit at the end makes conversation easy.

BOB knows that it's always the woman (specially when she's older) who offers her hand to be shaken, so he only moves to shake hands when the mother has held out hers. The correct answer to the introduction is a simple "How do you do, Mrs. Black."



SITUATION: At the football game, a friend of Bob's, whom Mary doesn't know, comes up to say hello. Bob (speaking directly to Mary so she can hear the name clearly): "Mary, I want you to meet Jim Green." Then turning to Jim: "This is Mary Black, Jim." Bob's correct in first introducing the boy to the girl, and has chosen an informal form of wording.

HANDSHAKING among teenage contemporaries would be silly, so Mary just says "Hello, Jim" in a friendly way, and Jim (who no doubt means it) answers "Glad to know you, Mary." The whole thing's relaxed.



SITUATION: When Bob and his boss see each other, Bob stops to speak to him. He should introduce Mary. Because it's the boss, and someone older, he's fairly formal this time. Bob (to boss, and addressing him by name), "Mr. Brown, I'd like to introduce Mary Black." Then turning to Mary: "This is my boss, Mr. Brown, Mary."

RESPECTING Mr. Brown's seniority and position as Bob's boss, Mary waits to see if he means to shake hands. He does, so Mary puts her hand into his and says: "How do you do, Mr. Brown."



A GUY on the Summit launches...

MISS-GUIDED MISSILES

● Well, the States' men made a mess of the Summit talks, didn't they? That's why the Summit is now called the Peak — they all got peaked when they spied one another.

BUT the talks need not have failed, you know. Not if my advice had been sought, and taken, that is.

What is my great idea on the Summit subject? "Leave it to the girls—not de Gaulles and such people," I say.

Yes, my theory is that a round table (no "squares" allowed, of course) of teenage girls representing the big powers would last longer than the politicians did.

Here's what I think would happen...

The Albert Palais, scene of the talks (the Elysee Palais was a drag), awaits the arrival of the Big Four delegates.

First to arrive is Charlotte de Gaulle, a French-fried tomato who gaily cries "C'est la vie!" as foreign correspondents from "True Nonsense" and "Girls' Crystal" quiz her on such hot international news topics as Elvis Presley's return from the Army.

Then comes the U.S.S.R.'s Nikki Khrushchev, a husky from Muscovy,

who has practised saying "Nyet" (Russian for "not yet") just in case the boys Russia!

Britain's Harriet Macmillan appears next and steals a propaganda march on the others by wearing a pair of matador pants made out of a Union Jack. (That's what the British mean when they talk about "showing the flag"!)

Delight Eisenhower arrives from America with a bodyguard of battle-hardened Elvis Presley fans. Actually, as at the real thing, a squabble starts off the talks.

Nikki heatedly accuses Harriet of snooping. She shrills that Johnny O'Keefe's recent trip overseas was a British Commonwealth spy-fly plot.

She threatens to flounce out if Harriet doesn't apologise.

"If this means war," says Delight, "we have SAC ready to strike at a moment's notice."

"SAC?" queries Nikki. "What's that stand for — Strategic Air Command?"

"No," says Delight. "Sal, Avalon, and Crash!"

"We have solid (beat) fuel ITSMs," warns Harriet.

"Oh, no," whimpers Nikki. "Anything but Intercontinental Tommy Steele Missiles!"

"We'll pepper you with B.B.s," adds Charlotte, flashing a pin-up of Brigitte.

"And we're testing new explosions in Australia," says Harriet. "At Woomera?" asks Nikki.

"No, at Sydney Stadium!"

"But," counters Nikki desperately, "we're about to put a man into space."

"Too late," says Harriet triumphantly. "We've already got a girl in orbit. She swiped Bobby Rydell's hankie at a show and she's been in a whirl ever since!"

That does it. Instead of walking out, Nikki talks peace and immediately agrees to world disarmament.

This involves de-stringing all the electric guitars and dumping Big Show public-address systems into the sea. It also means disbanding all fan clubs and burning all pin-ups.

Now Nikki thinks that this is a smart move that will weaken the West. And it seems at first she's right.

Harriet agrees that Tommy Steele

will be melted down, Delight promises that there will be no more Crashes, and Charlotte says that Bardot will be confined in a strait-jacket.

But when Nikki demands that Elvis be busted from sergeant to private there is nearly a crisis. Roberta Menzies sends in a note pointing out that Australia's Joye boy can never be anything lower than a Col!

Nikki, however, compromises. Elvis and Col can keep their rank provided the Russians can keep their pin-ups of the world's first rock idol, Lenin (remember "Ten Days That Rocked the World"?).

And she agrees to let the West inspect all record-players in Russian collective-farm recreation-rooms—to make sure there are no Guy Lombardo records to eat away at rock-'n-roll...

Well, that's what I reckon would happen if teenage girls held the Summit talks.

It would be a resounding success. This Summit wouldn't break down — have you ever heard of girls refusing to talk?

— Robin Adair

Off to school in U.S.A.

● "Will I get an accent? . . . But what if I don't like them? . . . What's Pi Gamma Phi? . . . And where can I buy a fleecy-lined raincoat?" These are big questions for 20 Australian teenagers. After all, to attend an American school is a major step in life.

THE lucky 20 have been awarded American Field Service Scholarships. They will leave in August and spend a year in the States, each living with a family and attending a high school.

There they will not only have to study hard for the final-year high-school graduation, but they'll have to do a sort of public relations cum ambassadorial job, for the object of scholarships is to "foster international friendship."

So scholarship winners, selected by the Australian-American Association, were chosen for personality, character, and adaptability, as well as for academic soundness.

The cost for the year's stay, as far as the scholars' parents are concerned, is the transport — about £300 by sea — and £65 pocket-money. The scholarship takes care of living expenses and education costs.

The scheme isn't yet widely known in Australian schools, and the scholarship winners represent only three States.

New South Wales has the

By Carol Tattersfield

biggest tally with: Judith Beckenham, Alana Burke, Christine Carter, Megan Davey, Shane McMahon, Gail Matchett, Wendy Pye, Rosemary Skinner, Vince Bruce, William Everett, John Herron, and John Terry.

Victoria is represented by: Anne Blow, Judith Byrne, Janita McInnes, Dennis Harvie, Bruce Lawson, and James McKay.

Queensland is sending Lynette Colley and Quentin Strachan.

One of the first

They are the second batch of Australians to be awarded scholarships. Last year only six were awarded, and the students were pioneers, in a way.

At least that's what 18-year-old Carole Hertzberg felt when she set off last year from Sydney to take up her scholarship in Nottingham, Syracuse, U.S.A.

Now, after almost a year with her foster family, Carole, who used to be a student at Sydney Girls' High School, says she feels completely at home.

Carole's letters home to her mother, Mrs. Elsa Hertzberg, of Bondi, give a good idea of all that her American Field Service Scholarship entails.

Of her first meeting with her foster family, Carole wrote . . . "As soon as I got off the plane at Nottingham, everything started to be wonderful. Standing at the gate was my American family.

"There was Tina, 16, Earl, 12, and Mrs. Ferguson — Mr. Ferguson was away on a business trip. There were kisses all round and then we stepped into a dreamy tan Chevrolet station wagon and were home in seven minutes.

"Home was absolutely lovely, and yet so homely. I have never seen anything sweeter than my room — flowered wallpaper, lemon spread, cushions, curtains, grey blinds, beige carpet, big dressing-table, plus walk-in clothes closet, and a clock radio!"

School was an eye-opener . . . "I was taken straight into the auditorium where the president, a boy, and Linda, the vice-president, were waiting.

"The auditorium is unbelievable — seats are padded with blue

BEFORE taking up her scholarship, Carole Hertzberg went to Sydney Girls' High School.



velvet, huge stage, and public address system, etc., worked by the students. I was introduced — just had to stand up and smile — and the whole school clapped me. I am sure that every student came up to me during the day and said 'Hi'!

"I must tell you about my school day. I take English, American History 1 and 2, Speech and Homemaking. And I have three study halls, which are free periods, a week."

Speech was a subject that fascinated Carole. She wrote, "Our class is beginning to do the morning announcements over the public address system, and tomorrow we will be reading commercials we've written for the tape-recorder."

"Last lesson of the day is homemaking, which I adore. We have in our 'dream room' three electric stoves, two refrigerators, dishwasher, disposal unit, living-room, and bits of fantastic equipment."

"School starts at 8.45 a.m. and ends at 2.45 p.m., with 30 minutes for lunch. Lunch is in a huge modern cafeteria, which sells everything. I get a plate lunch — open sandwich, pizza, spaghetti or hot dogs — and a glass of milk. All free."

"Don't believe a word about the bad academic standard of schools here. The lessons are wonderful, as discussion is encouraged and I'm not ahead in anything except English. The school has every sort of amenity and nearly all the seniors drive their own cars."

Talks about home

Carole is on the staff of the school newspaper, and, as a Field Service scholar, also has to devote a lot of free time to addressing schools and clubs about life in Australia.

This year she has addressed 30 meetings and, at one school, talked to six classes for 40 minutes each.

Apart from her American school life, Carole had to study in her spare time for her Australian Leaving Certificate, for which she sat by correspondence and passed.

There's the social whirl to keep up with, too. Carole loved her first taste of the co-educational system, saying, "The boys make hilarious comments and I love 'em all."

Dating is a common practice from the age of about 13 upwards. Carole's first American

date was, she says, "ecstatic." It was a school "semi-formal" called "Carnation Cotillion."

She said, "The day before the dance, the girls decided that the 'date' I was going with wasn't good enough, so the sorority 'fix-up' committee went into action and found me the school president, who is fabulous."

A "dreamy" date

"We were picked up at 8.30 — we 'tripled' with two other couples — the dance room was beautifully decorated and we danced to dreamy music."

"We three couples left the dance at about 12.30 and headed for 'Tino's — the home of Pizza,' ate pizza and quaffed delicious soft drinks, laughed and talked. At last we were driven home — about 2.30 a.m. The whole evening was thrilling."

Came school holidays, and Carole's foster parents, like those of most Field Service scholars, wanted her to see something of America.

They took her to New York, to stay at the famous Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, to visit the United Nations Organisation, night-clubs, and the Bohemian quarter, Greenwich Village.

She will go to Washington, too, before she leaves, as the 1525 scholarship winners from 40 countries are to meet President Eisenhower.

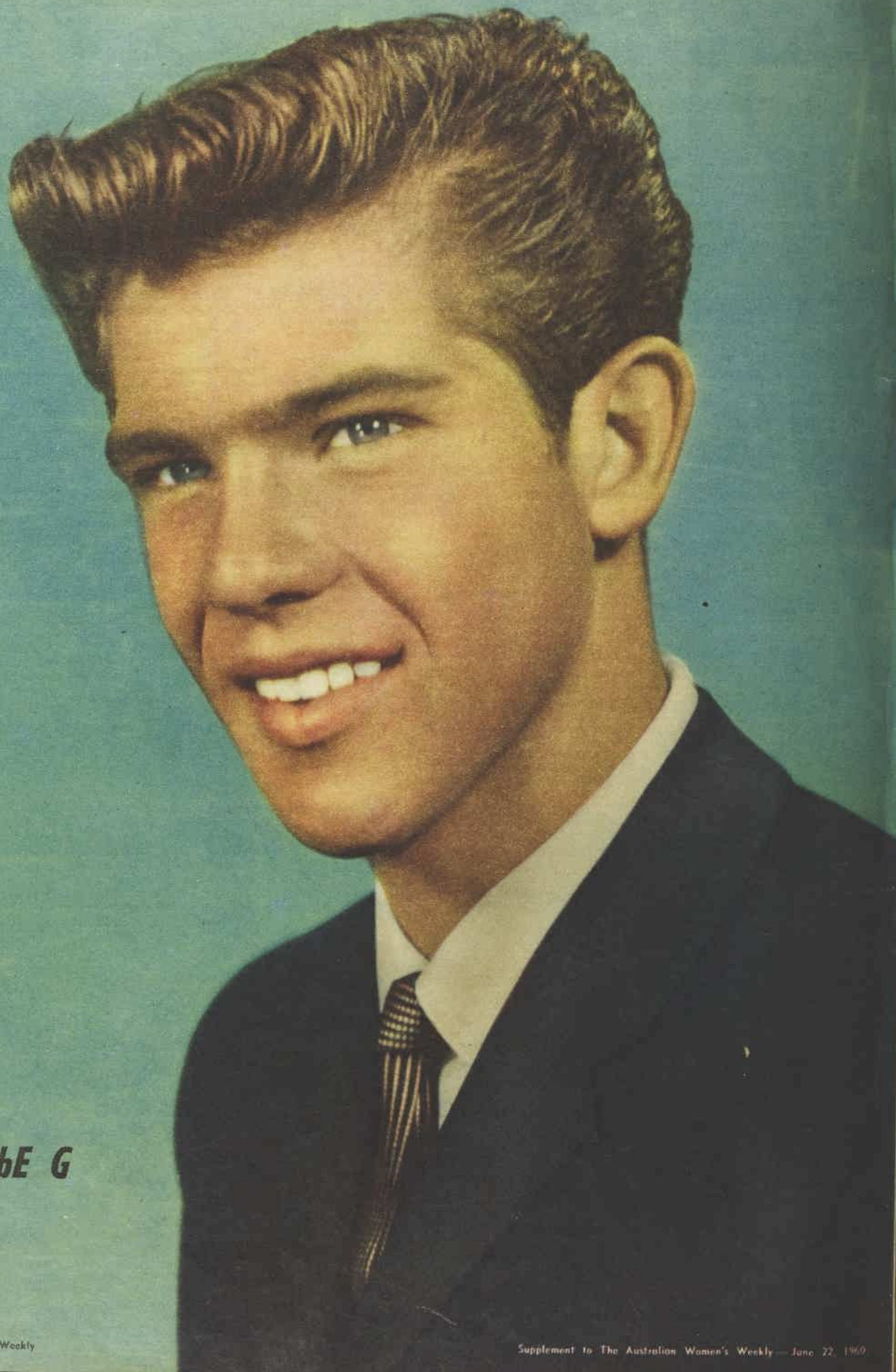
Carole will arrive home in Sydney in August — just a few days after the 20 new Australian Field Service scholars leave for their big adventure.



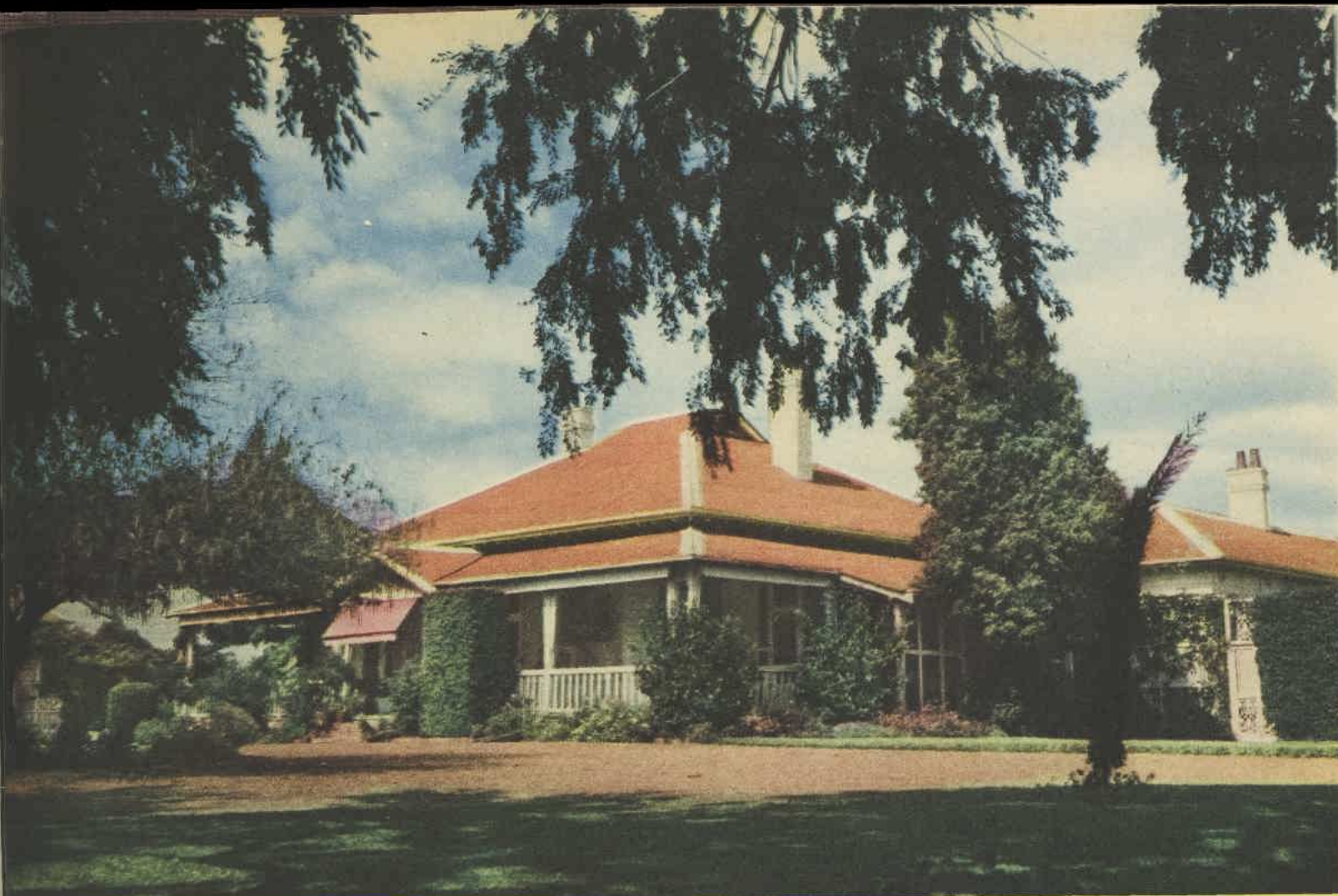
JOHN TERRY, 16, who is the youngest of this year's scholars. A fourth year pupil at Maroubra High, Sydney, he will go to school in Detroit.



AFTER a year at high school in Nottingham, Syracuse, U.S.A., Carole has a new look.



RobE G



● "Kooroogama" (above), the lovely old homestead on the property of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Livingston at Moree, N.S.W. Beautiful gardens make it a pictorial delight for the Livingstons' frequent visitors.

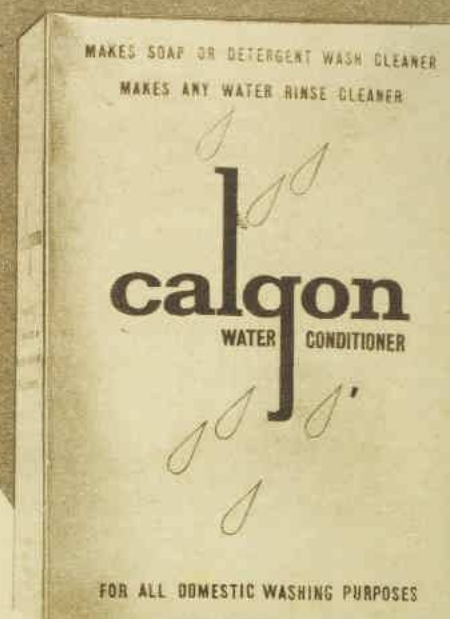
● A sheltered patio (below) made of bricks and planted with vines and an enchanting Mermaid climbing rose adjoins the house. The Livingstons went to "Kooroogama" in 1946; formerly his parents lived there.



AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 22, 1960



**Not a soap,
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detergent,
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'calgon' makes all water wonderful for washing!

NEW, MUCH CLEANER WASH!

Wonderful things happen when you dissolve 'Calgon' in water. Hard or soft, you actually *feel* and *see* how much softer, silkier it becomes. It sparkles. Scientifically, 'Calgon' locks up hardness minerals, prevents them combining with soap, detergent, dirt, to form troublesome washing film, irritating scum. Lets soap or detergent and water do the wash properly, unhindered.

NEW WATER CONDITIONER!

In the rinse, 'Calgon' stops new washing film forming, frees old film; gently washes away every trace of soap and soil—the 'hangover dirt' as it's known. By removing 'hangover dirt' 'Calgon' ends yellowing, greying and stiffening of fabrics. Only a small amount of 'Calgon' is necessary, varying with the water. 'Calgon' laundered clothes are whiter, softer, brighter.

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GOODBYE BATHTUB RING!

You recognise washing film best as that stubborn, unsightly ring around the bath. The same film remains on everything you wash, including your own body. 'Calgon' washes bathtub ring right down the drain, kindly, gently, but extremely thoroughly.

BEST FOR BABY

Doctors recommend 'Calgon' for non-irritation of sensitive skin. 'Calgon'-laundered nappies are fluffier, more absorbent, softer, non-scratchy. Baby clothes, blankets keep clean, sweet. No harshness with gentle 'Calgon'.



LUSTROUS LINGERIE

Personal hand-washables, lingerie, hosiery, retain all their delicate lustre. So kind to your hands, too.



DAZZLING DISHES, GLITTERING GLASS China, glass, silver dry spot-free without wiping after rinsing.



SHIMMERING SHAMPOOS

Without film that dulls shine, hair is radiantly clean, delightfully soft, easy to manage.

CLEAR COMPLEXION

'Calgon' conditioned water gives a gentle beauty treatment, no film to cloud complexion.



SHAVING SATISFACTION

Cleaner, faster; leaves face refreshed.



SOFTER SWEATERS

Sweaters stay softer as film cannot build up, wash after wash, to dim colors, stiffen fabrics.

Keep 'Calgon' handy in kitchen, bathroom, laundry.

'CALGON' LIFTS SUDS, DIRT FROM 'CLEAN' WASHING—TRY IT!

Put a clean, dry towel from your last wash into plain water in your washing machine or copper. Agitate. Nothing happens. Add a little 'Calgon'. Agitate . . . and just look at the dirty suds. They're all from the 'clean' towel. 'Calgon' does not make suds by itself.

Calgon' helps soap lather luxuriously

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WATER CONDITIONER

WORKS LIKE A MIRACLE

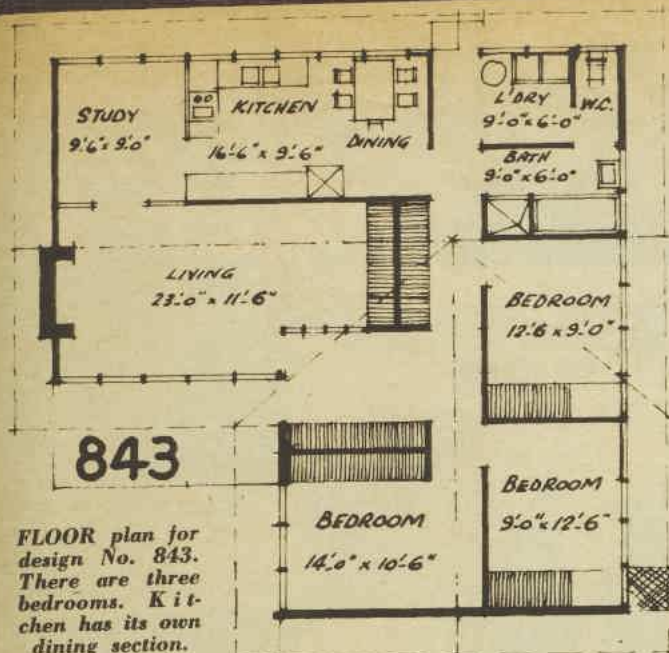
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GREEN'S PRODUCTS LIMITED, 24 Cadogan Street, Marrickville. LA 7545.
H. M. RUSSELL & CO. PTY. LTD., Eagle & Charlotte Streets, Brisbane. 2 3227.
BURGESS BROS. LIMITED, 167-189 Argyle Street, Hobart.
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 22, 1960



● This week's Home Plan, No. 843 in our series, has been designed under the direction of Melbourne architects Kevin Borland and Geoff Trewenack. It would make a convenient home for a young family. The study could be used as a playroom for the children during the daytime.

SPARE ROOM FOR STUDY OR PLAY

PLANS for this house and a wide variety of other Small Home Plans can be bought for £10/10/- each. They are on sale at all our Home Planning Centres. Addresses are given below right.

Plans can be ordered by mail from your local Centre. Please state the number of the plan you require, whether it is to be constructed in brick or timber, the roofing material required, whether the site is sewered, and whether the plan is required as drawn or in the mirror reverse position.

Please also enclose cheque, money order, or postal notes for the fee of £10/10/- for the plan.

Plan No. 843, illustrated on this page, is a popular family home with three bedrooms, spacious hall, and a kitchen that is suitable for both city and country living. It includes a large area for dining and has plenty of cupboard space and working tops.

The bathroom features a separate shower recess and a W.C. which is accessible from both the laundry and the bathroom.

Long windows

Full windows in the living-room extend from floor to ceiling, allowing the front terrace to be accessible and visible from this room.

If a carport or garage is added the most ideal position would be along the study/living-room wall.

Another interesting feature

about this house is the abundance of cupboards. Each bedroom has a spacious built-in wardrobe, there is a cupboard the length of one wall in the living-room, and another one in the hall placed conveniently near the kitchen and bathroom.

The living-room is an attractive shape and is 23ft. by 11ft. 6in. It has a large open fireplace and leads into a study measuring 9ft. 6in. by 9ft.

This study could be adapted to suit each family's various requirements. If there are young children it is probably best to use it as a playroom. As an alternative it could double as a dining-cum-study.

Approximate costs for this house are between £3900 and £4500 in timber and between £4400 and £4900 in brick. However, your local Home Planning Centre will supply you with accurate costs for your own site.

Our Home Planning Centres, which are situated in large stores throughout Australia, are under the direction

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of plan No. 843 illustrates attractive pitched roof. Living-room is on left of the sketch with floor-to-ceiling windows on one wall. Carport or garage can be added.

of qualified architects who will advise you on your home-building problems.

Qualified personnel on the store's staff will also give you any advice you require on interior decorating, furnishing, and lighting.

Modifications can be made to any plan. If drafting and printing are involved in the alterations an extra charge is made.

Difficult site

If your site is steep and difficult, your choice of plan is in no way limited. All plans can be built on stilts or on the side of a hill.

Areas and positions of windows can be varied to suit your own requirements.

Carports and garages are not always included in the design, but these can be added where needed. Approximate cost for a carport is between £175 and £250, and for a single brick garage between £325 and £400.

Addresses of the Centres are:

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle St. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald and Co. Ltd., Collins St. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect at this Centre.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven St. (Telephone 7733.)

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. (Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this Centre.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale St. (Telephone 32044.)

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop St. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect at this Centre.)

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There are moments, such as this, which make us acutely aware that it's a marvellous thing to be alive. Life is something of value which we cherish, knowing more wonderful moments lie in the future—knowing, too, that life has troubles in store for us.

But life insurance provides a buffer against financial disaster. Life insurance is for the living!

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Page 38

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 22, 1960

Home Dressmaking

By PATRICIA SCOTT



• Patricia Scott.

Many women avoid making corded buttonholes "because they're so hard to get right." But with practice they become easy and their good looks repay the effort.

MOST home dressmakers, once they master the knack of corded buttonholes, find them fun to do.

Some like the "professional" look of them so much that they make them even on garments where another type of buttonhole would do just as well.

However, before you ruin a good dress on the first try, take a scrap of fabric and try a dozen or so.

When you reach the stage where three or four in a row are perfect, then you are competent to put them on a garment — but not before.

Be warned: you'll find the first few quite frustrating.

They'll be uneven, oval instead of square-cornered, and have frayed edges. Complete flops.

But suddenly one will be magnificent. Then two. Then with patience and practice you will find you have the knack.

Two good rules are:

- Never try to rush corded buttonholes — it's a tailoring job, where "haste makes waste."
- And always use interfacing. The extra body it gives is absolutely necessary.

How to make corded buttonholes:

1. Mark on the garment the position of buttonholes.
2. Cut strip of fabric one inch wide and twice the length of the buttonhole plus two inches.
3. Using string (No. 8 twine is a good thickness), fold the strip in half; length-



FIG. 1

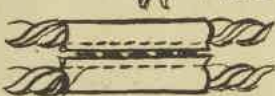


FIG. 2

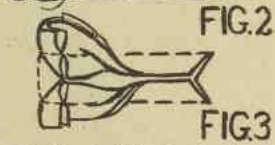


FIG. 3

• Corded buttonholes.

wise, right side out, with cord inside.

4. Baste close to the cord, but not catching it.

TWO SUCH STRIPS ARE NECESSARY FOR EACH BUTTONHOLE.

5. With raw edge of strip along buttonhole marking,

baste strip to right side of garment the full length of the buttonhole. Trim raw edge so it meets marking for buttonhole opening (Fig. 1).

6. Using cording or zipper foot attachment (if you have one of these), machine stitch to garment over basting line. Baste second strip on opposite side of buttonhole marking, raw edges meeting. Stitch (Fig. 2).

7. Remove markings.

8. Cut buttonhole opening from wrong side of garment to within $\frac{1}{4}$ in. of each end of the stitching.

9. Now clip diagonally to the corners of the stitching (see right-hand end of Fig. 3).

10. Turn strips to inside. With right side of garment on top, turn back triangular edge and stitch across triangles at each end of buttonhole to form square corners (left-hand side of Fig. 3).

11. Trim ends, press, and finish back of buttonhole by hand.

Curved seams

A COMMON mistake is to trim a curved seam — such as an underarm seam where the sleeve is not the set-in type — very close before turning it.

But the correct thing to do is to clip the curved edges. Clipping is absolutely necessary to release the tension and tugging and allow the garment to mould and shape itself properly.

Trimming seams very close is no substitute for clipping — in fact, NEVER trim a seam smaller than $\frac{1}{4}$ in. because if that seam splits it may fray, and a good repair is impossible.

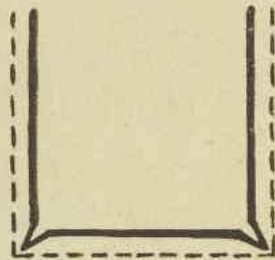
So, trim seams very close

only where facings are attached and it is necessary not to have too much bulk when the facing is turned.

Square corners

HOME dressmakers sometimes complain that, though they have intended to make a square neckline on a dress, the "square" corners look rounded.

To make a proper square corner, sew the neck facing



• Corners.

to the dress as the pattern instructs, and then trim the seam to $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Clip the seam at each corner almost to the stitching (see illustration). Then turn and press carefully.

You should have no trouble getting sharp, square corners this way.



Man in Apron

by Larry



Copyright, London "Punch."

Collectors' Corner

OUR supplement, Collectors' Guide, produced numerous queries from readers who wanted to know about pieces of brass, china, and furniture that had been in their family for many years.

So we have asked Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, a Sydney authority on antiques, to answer readers' questions.

For information about antiques or old objects in your possession, send a photograph of the object with a description, a drawing of any markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return of unused pictures to: "Collectors' Corner, G.P.O. Box 4088, Sydney, N.S.W."

Articles will not be evaluated and only one question should be included in each letter.



• Mrs. Buchanan's teapot.

This week's question —

"I HAVE a most attractive teapot and would like to know where and when it was made. Its pattern is in the shape of leaves and flowers and the colorings are orange, blue, and gold on a white ground."—Mrs. R. Buchanan, Kirribilli, N.S.W.

Answer —

It is Robert Chamberlain's Worcester and was made about 1830.



VOLKSWAGEN

MOTORING

• The Volkswagen success story has been such that its sales now rank second only to Holden.

THE VW began a long way behind scratch. It was small and noisy, with only two doors and no orthodox boot.

Today the car's popularity still confounds those early critics who refused to have anything to do with it back in 1954, when VW first came to Australia.

But the car's good qualities have overcome its shortcomings—and the new £13,000,000 factory in Clayton, Victoria, is proof that VW is here to stay.

From a woman's angle, the VW can be thought ugly. I prefer to call it businesslike.

I like:

- The excellent seating and the comfortable driving position.
- The fact that controls, both hand and foot, are easy to operate and reach.
- The beautiful gearbox.

• The well-above-average finish, inside and out.

• The feeling of reliability in the engine. In fact, in the whole car. This has been demonstrated time and time again by VWs in round-Australia trials.

• The improved riding and the noise reduction in the 1960 model.

• The safety angle for children in the back seat. There are no doors or opening windows to worry about.

by

BETTY McKAY

(VW are considering an attachment for the passenger's seat—a form of safety catch to stop the back tipping forward under sudden braking. This would be a great boon to mothers who hang baby-seats there.)

• The planned economy of preventive maintenance and

the 34 m.p.g. around town no matter how hard you drive.

• Above all, I like the fun of driving the VW. And the cost of that fun, £971, hasn't altered a penny since 1954.

But I don't like:

- Only one sun visor.
- The new overall floor mats. They are harder to keep clean than the original type.
- The absence of a petrol gauge.

Hint for the week:

Sensible parking is a sign of the good driver. Firstly, practise at home until you are skilled. Then park only where you don't obstruct traffic flow or drivers' vision. Don't park on corners, on the crest of a hill, and avoid parking on main highways — find a side street. The modern concrete strips in the centre of roads are restricting the traffic flow greatly. Don't add to the chaos by thoughtless parking.

wins
more friends
every
day



McWILLIAM'S Cream SHERRY

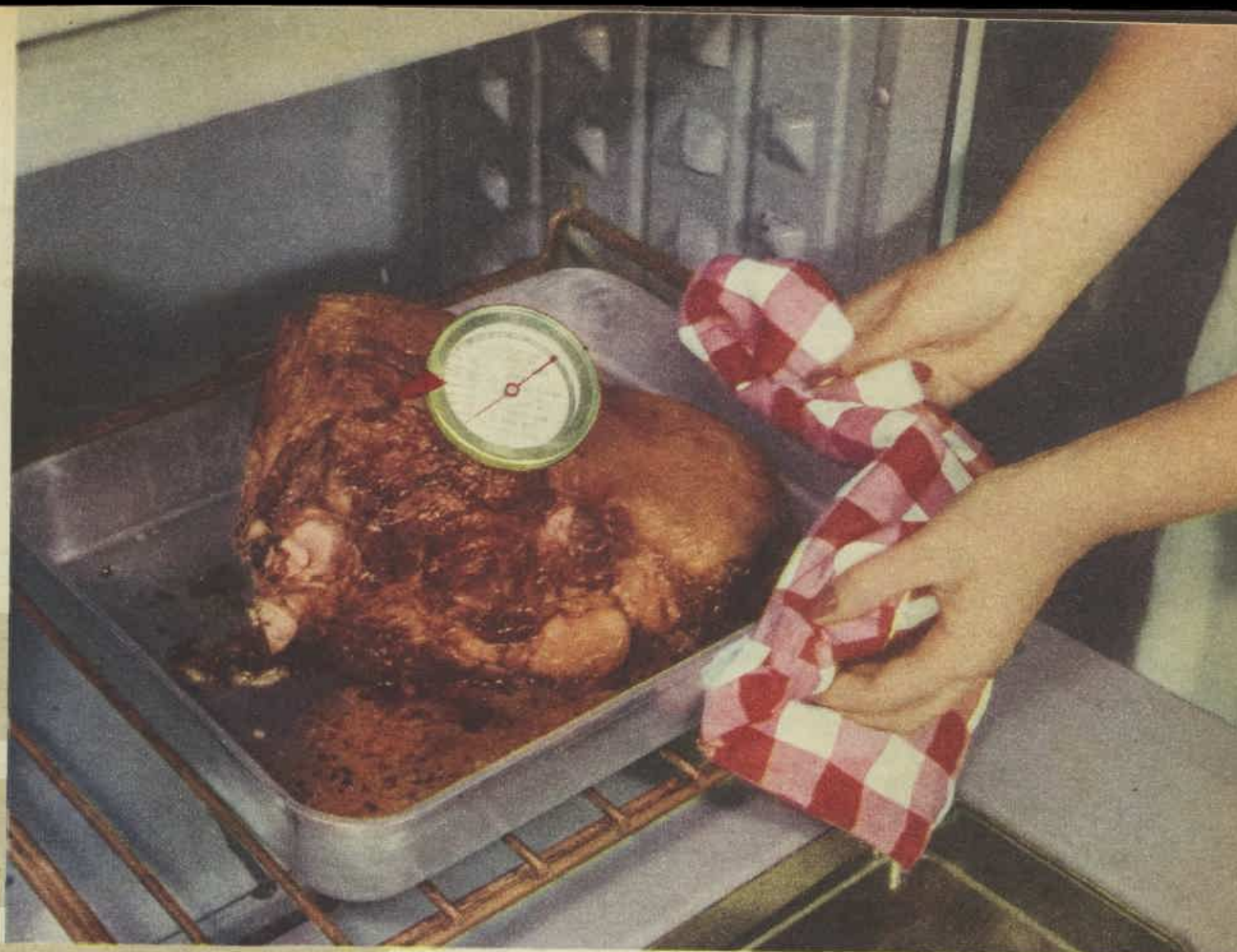
Let your taste tell you the special qualities of McWilliam's Cream Sherry. Rich, mild and mellow . . . a specially selected sweet sherry with a smooth creamy body. McWilliam's Cream Sherry is the sherry that suits everyone. Serve it during your next bridge afternoon . . . before and during dinner . . . whenever friends drop in.

● How do you like your roast — rare, medium, or well done? Whichever way you prefer it, a meat thermometer will gauge accurately for you the degree to which it is cooked.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

USE A MEAT

THERMOMETER



FILLET OF VEAL, shown above, seems to be cooked to an appetising brown on the outside, but the meat thermometer indicates it is not sufficiently cooked through to the centre. A chart of temperatures is below.

Roasting is the traditional British way of cooking a joint, and a skillfully cooked roast is indeed tasty.

Meat is cooked to improve its flavor and appearance and make it tender, but all three objectives can be nullified by either under-cooking or over-cooking, especially when roasting it.

The surest and most dependable way of roasting meat until it is done to the desired degree is to use a meat thermometer.

This useful gadget, now available to Australian housewives, is inserted in the fleshy part of the roast and goes into the oven with the meat, staying in position until it registers the exact degree of cooking desired.

This is a much more reliable guide than the usual method of allowing so many minutes' cooking time for each pound of meat. But it is advisable to use the "minutes-per-pound" method to estimate the approximate cooking time and then rely on the thermometer for the internal temperature, which indicates the exact degree to which the meat is cooked.

Thermostatically controlled ovens have done much to make the cooking of roast meats easier, but even so it is not possible to give more than a general guide to roasting times because so much depends on the size, shape, and thickness of the joint and whether it has much bone in it.

Like any other kitchen gadget, the thermometer must be correctly used to give the best results. The thermometer should be inserted so the spear is in the centre of the thickest part of the joint, and should not touch the bone or any part of the fat.

Make a gash in the meat with a pointed knife or skewer so the thermometer can be inserted easily.

Spoon measurements are level in the following recipes.

ROAST BEEF WITH GARLIC

One rib or sirloin roast of beef (about 4lb.), salt, pepper, 1 cut clove of garlic.

Season roast with salt and pepper, rub all over surface with cut clove of garlic. Place small segments of garlic clove in small slits cut in surface of meat in 3 or 4 places. Place joint in small quantity of hot fat in baking-dish, insert meat thermometer in side of joint in thickest part, avoiding fat

and bone. Bake in moderate oven until the desired degree of doneness is reached. For well-done joint, thermometer should register 170 deg. F. (about 2½ hours), for medium degree of doneness 160 deg. F. (about 2½ hours), and for rare degree of doneness 140 deg. F. (about 2½ hours). Serve with brown gravy and Yorkshire pudding.

ROAST SHOULDER OF LAMB

(Boned, seasoned, and rolled.)

One shoulder of lamb (about 3½lb.), 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon salt, good pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon finely chopped rosemary, 1 dessertspoon melted butter or substitute, a little milk.

Have butcher bone the shoulder. Place

the meat, fat side down, on greaseproof paper or kitchen board. Combine all seasoning ingredients, mixing well together. Press seasoning evenly over surface of meat, keeping it well away from edges. Roll up, fasten with string or coarse thread. Place in small quantity of hot fat in baking-dish. Insert meat thermometer. In a boned and seasoned rolled shoulder it will be almost impossible to keep thermometer away from seasoning. Bake in moderate oven until thermometer registers 180 deg. F. (about two hours). Remove string before serving meat in slices with brown gravy.

ROAST FILLET OF VEAL

Four pounds fillet of veal, ½ lemon, salt and pepper.

Rub all over surface of meat with cut

lemon, dust with salt and pepper. Place in small amount of fat in baking-dish. Insert meat thermometer in thickest part of joint, avoiding bone. Cook steadily in moderate oven, basting occasionally, until meat thermometer registers 180 deg. F. (approximately 2½ hours). Serve with brown gravy.

If liked, the veal can be filled with the following:

Prune and Nut Seasoning

One tablespoon shortening, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts, ¼ cup chopped cooked prunes, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Have butcher cut pocket in fillet of veal. Rub inside pocket with the cut lemon. Melt shortening, add nuts, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add to all other seasoning ingredients. Mix well, fill into pocket in veal, skewer or tie to keep seasoning in position.

Note: When inserting meat thermometer into seasoned joint be sure it penetrates the thickest part, avoiding seasoning and bone.

GLAZED LEG OF LAMB

One leg of lamb 4½ to 5lb., 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 3 tablespoons shredded or grated pineapple, ½ teaspoon salt, good sprinkling pepper.

Glaze: Two tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons red-currant jelly, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Cut deep pocket in thick end of leg, either above or below the bone. Combine breadcrumbs, parsley, lemon rind, nutmeg, onion, pineapple, salt and pepper. Fill into pocket in meat, sew or skewer firmly. Place in small quantity of hot fat in baking-dish. Insert meat thermometer into thickest part of joint on opposite side to seasoning, avoiding contact with seasoning or bone. Bake in moderate oven until thermometer registers 180 deg. F. (about 2½ to 3½ hours). Approximately 25 to 30 minutes before end of cooking time, remove joint from fat and place in clean dish without fat. Mix sugar, currant jelly, and vinegar together, brush thickly over meat. Return to oven further 25 to 30 minutes, brushing glaze over meat at intervals. Serve hot, with or without brown gravy. Glaze adds a delicious flavor.

Continued overleaf

Cooking Times and Temperatures

● The following chart gives the approximate cooking times and correct internal temperatures when using a meat thermometer for roasting.

	Weight	How cooked	Internal temperature	Approximate time
BEEF. Rib roast	4lb.	Rare	140 deg. F.	2½ hrs.
		Medium	160 deg. F.	2½ hrs.
		Well done	170 deg. F.	2½ hrs.
		Rare	140 deg. F.	3 hrs.
Rib roast	6lb.	Medium	160 deg. F.	3½ hrs.
		Well done	170 deg. F.	4 hrs.
		Well done	170 deg. F.	4 hrs.
LAMB. Leg	6lb.	Well done	180 deg. F.	3½ hrs.
Shoulder	3lb.	Well done	180 deg. F.	1½ hrs.
Forequarter	5lb.	Well done	180 deg. F.	3 hrs.
Shoulder, boned, seasoned and rolled	3lb.	Well done	180 deg. F.	2 hrs.
Shoulder, as above	4lb.	Well done	180 deg. F.	2½ hrs.
PORK. Leg	5lb.	Well done	185 deg. F.	4½ hrs.
Loin	5lb.	Well done	185 deg. F.	3½ hrs.
VEAL. Shoulder	3lb.	Well done	180 deg. F.	2 hrs.
Shoulder	5lb.	Well done	180 deg. F.	3 hrs.
Fillet (portion of leg)	3lb.	Well done	180 deg. F.	2 hrs.
Boned veal roast	6lb.	Well done	180 deg. F.	3½ hrs.
		Well done	180 deg. F.	2½ hrs.

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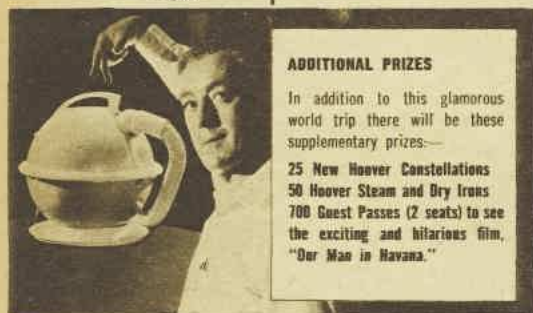
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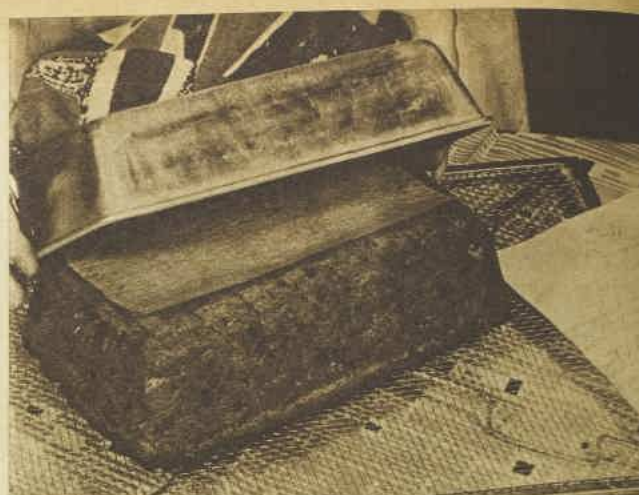
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Fruit cake recipe wins prize

● A Tasmanian reader's recipe for a family-style fruit loaf wins the main prize this week.



TAKE A TIP from our prizewinning cake recipe and line base of tin with greased paper to prevent cake sticking to tin.

HOME HINT

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded to Mrs. E. Pederick, 31 Cowan St., Gawler, S.A., for the following hint:

Wrap china or any other fragile article in damp newspaper before packing it to send by post. When the paper dries it forms a stiff protective layer the same shape as the article, which then has a much better chance of reaching its destination intact.

THE combination of vinegar and bicarbonate of soda provides the rising agent in this prize-winning cake recipe.

Consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded to a luscious yet substantial winter sweet and fruity-nut biscuit slices which would be ideal for the lunchbox.

All spoon measurements are level.

VINEGAR CAKE

Half pound flour, pinch salt, 3oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 2oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. chopped mixed fruits, 2oz. candied peel (finely chopped), ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 gill milk, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Sift flour, salt, sugar, baking-powder, and spice into basin; rub in butter and add chopped fruits. Mix soda into milk and while it is still fizzing add vinegar. Make well in centre of flour and pour milk mixture in. Mix all quickly and lightly together and pour into greased loaf-tin which has been lined on base with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes or until it is risen and firm to the touch. Remove from oven and allow to cool 10 minutes. Turn out on to cake-cooler. When completely cold top with lemon icing.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Dunham, 29 Tamar St., Launceston, Tas.

PEACH-AND-RICE MOULD

One large tin of sliced peaches, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups milk, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon almond flavoring, 2 cups cooked rice, 1 cup fine dry breadcrumbs. Drain peaches and reserve syrup. Mix sugar, cornflour,

and salt in top of double-boiler. Add ½ cup of the milk and egg-yolks; mix well. Add remaining milk and cook over hot water until custard thickens, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add almond flavoring, and fold in cooked rice. Cover base of a buttered loaf-tin with half of the breadcrumbs. Pour in 1-3rd of the custard, then cover with half peaches. Repeat layers of custard, remaining peaches, remaining custard, and breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Allow to cool a little. Unmould on to serving-dish and slice. Serve with the following sauce:

Peach Sauce: Four tablespoons softened butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup reserved peach syrup, ½ teaspoon almond flavoring.

Mix butter and sugar in top of double-boiler, add egg, and beat well. Cook over hot water, gradually stir in peach syrup. When slightly thickened add flavoring, remove from heat, and beat well. Serve.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Thornton, 272 Hamersley Rd., Daglish, W.A.

FRUIT-AND-NUT SURPRISES

Two eggs, 1 cup sifted castor-sugar, 3 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 1 cup sifted self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup chopped pitted dates, ½ cup chopped mixed fruits (such as raisins, sultanas, cherries, currants, and mixed peel), 1 cup chopped walnuts or peanuts.

Place eggs in basin and beat until thick and foamy. Gradually beat in the castor-sugar. Add melted butter or substitute, sifted flour, and salt; mix

USE A MEAT THERMOMETER—

Continued from previous page.

ROAST LOIN OF PORK

Four to 5 pounds loin of pork, salt, pepper, 1 cup unsweetened stewed apple pulp, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon horseradish sauce, ½ cup boiling water.

Wipe joint with clean, damp cloth, dust with salt and pepper. Score rind with very sharp knife to facilitate carving. Place joint, fat side up, in uncovered baking-dish with small quantity of fat. Insert meat thermometer in one end of joint. Bake in moderate oven until thermometer regis-

ters 185 deg. F. (approximately 4 to 4½ hours). Crisp, moist crackling is achieved by brushing joint with oil or fat during cooking, but basting should be avoided and joint should not be turned. When meat is well cooked, remove from dish and keep hot. Drain all fat from dish, add apple pulp, cinnamon, horseradish sauce, and boiling water. Stir well to incorporate glaze from bottom of baking-dish, heat thoroughly. Add large spoonful of this sauce to each serving of pork.

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V15

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 22, 1960

Charlie was well acquainted with his own psychology, and he realised that this unseemly preoccupation with one girl, when there were so many girls around, was simply a case of the grass being greener on the other side of the fence. He had no doubt that one or two dates with Eloise would break the spell — not that Eloise would comb her hair in public or want to sing with the band — but she would lose the challenging mystery of the unattainable.

Two or three — or maybe four or five — dates with Eloise (he suspected she might wear better than, say, Bobo), and that would be that; a happy time for all and no scars, and before long he would be saying, "How about that Eloise?" to somebody new. Such was the pattern of Charlie's life, and he saw no reason to change it, once he got past this road-block of stubborn resistance.

For two weeks he carefully hoarded correspondence and succeeded in amassing a reasonable backlog of work, enough to justify his requesting secretarial help after hours. It was a mark of Charlie's instinctive genius that he asked, first, Alice Carpenter.

"I'm sorry, Charlie," she said. "I have a class in ceramics on Tuesdays."

"Oh," said Charlie, with all the surprised regret of a man who was not already in possession of that fact.

He then asked Janet Epworth, who, unless his information was wrong, was attending a conditioning course for ladies on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

"I don't dare miss, Charlie," said Janet, unwrapping a candy bar.

Charlie clicked his teeth in sympathy over Janet's problem. He next approached Agnes Howland, who sat directly behind Eloise. At the afternoon coffee break, he had watched Agnes bite into a crunchy biscuit, had seen the sharp look of pain on her face and had surmised, correctly, that she would have a dental appointment after work. "S awful," Agnes mumbled. "I have a lot of trouble with my teeth, anyway. M sorry."

"Too bad, Aggie," he said, and then, running his fingers through his hair, "Well — all these letters —"

"Why'n you ask Eloise?" said Agnes, who worked very hard and didn't always hear the latest gossip. "Eloise, you mind staying awhile to help Charlie? I've got this awful toothache."

Eloise looked askance. Charlie, waving a sheaf of papers, looked, he hoped, frantic. "All this work," he said.

"Completely snowed under. Whe-ew!"

"Okay, Eloise?" asked Agnes, who, at age forty-five, looked as solid and dependable as the Bank of America.

Charlie thought how all things worked to his advantage. Who better than Agnes to plead his case? And though he regretted her discomfort, he applauded her choice of refreshment and wished for her a short and painless sojourn under the drill.

"You're still not fooling me, Charlie," Eloise said at five that afternoon. She picked up the pile of paper work from his desk as if it were a stack of wet kindergarten finger paintings, holding it carefully away from her. "I don't know what these are — letters to Santa Claus, maybe, asking him for a nice electric redhead in your stocking — but I will type them and address them and stamp them, because that is what I'm paid to do, and as a favor to Agnes, who, as anyone could plainly see, was numb with pain and completely unable to work late. As anyone could plainly see," she said again.

Night fell over Los Angeles while the clackety-clack of Eloise's typewriter sounded through the office and Charlie filled many pages of scrap paper with doodles. This was not exactly the evening he had planned, and at eight he collected his hat and stopped at Eloise's desk.

"Let me take you out of all this," he said, "this squalor, this slum."

"You can take me to a good place for dinner," Eloise said, almost defiantly. "I think it's the least you can do."

"The least," Charlie agreed.

SINCE Romanoff's was only a few blocks away, they left Charlie's car in the office parking lot and walked. The night air was cool, and Eloise tucked her chin into the soft sweetness of her shoulder, just like a little girl. Charlie felt suddenly very protective — as if he should walk before, behind, and beside her, shielding her from the slightest breeze or gross contacts with any passers-by.

It was an unfamiliar impulse; he had never felt any urge to protect Nancy-Lee Suter, for instance. Tootsie Roebottom was five feet ten inches tall and needed about as much protection as Jack Dempsey, and where Bobo was concerned all Charlie's instincts had been strictly along the lines of self-preservation.

"You smell of lilacs," he said. Eloise looked up at him. "That is the first unrehearsed thing I ever heard you say."

Continuing . . . ONE GIRL AT A TIME

from page 23

Later, replete with minute steak and salad, and finished with looking at and discussing the personalities present, Charlie felt more himself. "Eloise," he said, "tell me your plans, your dreams, your aspirations — your telephone number."

"Oh, Charlie, can't you say things like 'Please pass the cheese'?" Uncomplicated things?" She sighed. "But I suppose that you can't, being what you are."

"What I am?"

"Don Juan in a grey flannel suit, brightening all our drab lives. I'm really surprised you aren't listed as an employee benefit, like Social Security and sick leave." She collected her gloves and handbag. "Shouldn't we be going?"

"It's only ten!"

"I'll need my beauty sleep."

"Eloise, you need beauty sleep like I need three extra arms."

"From what I hear, Charlie, you are one of the few people in existence who could use three extra arms."

It was part of Charlie's plan to disprove the slanderous gossip circulated against him in the ladies' lounge. He intended to drive Eloise home in circumspect fashion, hand her out of the car and in the door with all the gallantry of an 18th-century French courtier — if she gave him a chance. Actually he anticipated that Eloise would leap out the door of a vehicle still in motion.

When he parked in front of her apartment house, Eloise remained cuddled cosily against the seat, thereby creating an embarrassing situation. Kissing girls — or rather, not kissing Eloise — was both embarrassing and difficult.

"Nice place," he said finally, studying the facade of the building as if he were a first-year architectural student.

"M-m-m," said Eloise.

"Nice — pillars."

"M-m-m."

"Old Spanish stucco?"

"Modern. Frame."

"Oh, yes."

"Charlie" — she put her hand on his arm — "I may not be around long enough to collect on the Social Security."

Which put it squarely up to Charlie. He discovered, with fresh wonder, that she even tasted like peppermint candy. He also had the uncomfortable impression that she kept her eyes open while he kissed her, which seemed to indicate a regrettable excess of caution. "Eloise," he said, "about tomorrow night —"

"Gee, Charlie, I hate to be piggy. There are so many of

us, and only one of you. But — what did you have in mind?"

He chose and discarded several candid answers, and the next night they went dancing at the Ambassador.

And the following night there was this new movie that was supposed to be pretty good.

And the night after that there was this tryout of a play that was supposed to be pretty good.

The Saturday after that they spent at the Bel-Air pool, and they swam the lazy afternoon away before going inside to dance. Eloise was dressed before Charlie had even started. She pulled him up from the deck-chair, and as he rose to his feet he clasped her suddenly and violently in the kind of embrace that makes the memorable picture men and women of all ages swoon over — and with good reason.

Eloise had on a violet sheath and a soft white stole, and Charlie had on only his swim trunks; but for the instant that passed neither of them was conscious, and they held the pose — for the instant. Then Eloise opened her eyes and came to and remembered where she was and who Charlie was. And that was that.

NEVERTHELESS, by the end of another couple of weeks Romanoff himself was smiling at them as though he knew them.

Now Romanoff, it should be said, smiles at many people; of course, it isn't a broad smile, and there are sceptics who think it's a sneer, but it doesn't matter.

At this point Eloise began to demur. "It's just that I feel so selfish," she said. "Mother taught me to share my toys with the other little girls."

Charlie chose to ignore that. "About tomorrow night —" he said doggedly.

"Tomorrow night we're having a party for the new girls." Charlie stared at her. "What new girls?"

"Why, Florence and Ginny, and —" She looked closely at him, a hint of amusement in her eyes. "We have five new girls in the office. And a new accountant. And a new mail boy. And a new coffee machine. Where have you been for the past month?"

Where have I been for the past month? Charlie asked himself the next morning as he looked around the office.

It was inconceivable that so much could take place without his personal supervision. At Marilyn's old desk sat a tall brunette of obvious Southern extraction — and Charlie had always been all in favor of extracting Dixie belles from wherever they were and bringing them to wherever he was.

Another desk was occupied by a red-haired beauty wearing a fuzzy green sweater and a big friendly smile. And there were several other new faces and forms.

Charlie reviewed the situation. On the one hand, there was Eloise, of whom he was supposed to be cured by now but wasn't. But, he admonished himself, that was only a matter of time. On the other hand, there was his reputation to uphold. On the third hand (Eloise was right — he could use more arms), there was that tall brunette, and who is to say that all the best things come in small packages? Look at Ava Gardner!

He looked, instead, at Eloise, her blond head bent over her typewriter. Eloise, smelling of lilacs and tasting of peppermint candy, poisoning his whole outlook on life. It

occurred to him that he was practising passive resistance instead of active attack. The way to replace Eloise was, simply, to replace Eloise.

"Florence?" he would say to the tall brunette. Or no, he wouldn't say that. He would say, "Miss Mississippi, I presume?"

He said neither, being stopped cold in his tracks by the sound of vaguely familiar words in an unfamiliar voice. "How about that new coffee machine, h'm-m?" were the words. Pretty terrible coffee, h'm-m?"

There stood, at Eloise's side, an unidentified man — a nasty type, if Charlie ever had seen one.

"How about that?" this man said.

Charlie thought he had never heard such innuendo, such suggestion. Personnel was getting lax, filling the office with Casanovas of this type.

"Excuse me," Charlie said. "Eloise, if you don't mind — excuse me."

"This is Bill Cook," said Eloise. "Bill's in accounting. Bill, Charlie Bradley."

"Bill," said Charlie.

"Charlie," said Bill.

Recognition and understanding flowed between them as if they had flashed cards or exchanged a secret grip, and Bill obligingly veered off in another direction.

Charlie had a sudden flash of psychic precognition. He saw in his mind's eye Bill Cook, years from now, hobbling shakily between his office and the coffee machine while all the young, toothsome girls whispered, "Look out for old Mr. Cook!"

It was a sorry picture.

"Charlie," Eloise cooed, "did you want me for something?"

Which put it squarely up to Charlie again.

"Agnes," he said, over his shoulder, "pass the word, will you? How about that Eloise?"

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"Jungle Nurse"

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One is impressed with her own strong personality, sense of humor, and courage which come through this matter-of-fact account of what must have been an ex-

ceedingly hazardous but highly rewarding existence.

"Night Without End"

Alistair MacLean (Collins).

MYSTERY surrounds a passenger plane crash-landed on a Greenland icecap near a met. station run by an astringent scientist, Dr. Mason, who, with his two assistants, rescues the survivors, including the stewardess. Mason realises that the circumstances of the crash are "fishy" when he finds bullet wounds on the bodies of the male crew and one passenger. With a murderer present all passengers are suspect. Thenceforward the pace builds as the party thunders in a tractor across treacherous, inhumanly cold icy wastes to civilisation.

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She laughed a little hysterically when his calm voice answered. "Oh, Tommy, you'll think I'm mad . . . calling you up at this time of night to ask you something awfully unimportant."

"It can't be unimportant to you." He had a very pleasant voice. "What is it, Sara?"

"Well . . ." she paused all at once, clinking her glass. How idiotic he'd think her! And she'd always flattered herself that he found her rather intelligent. Oh, well . . . "I thought I saw Greg Bennett's car today, that was all. He's not in Rome, is he?" she tried to sound casual. But a slight change in Tommy's voice made her realise she had given herself away.

"No, I don't think so," he said. "Unless . . . wait a minute, someone named Bennett did come in today. Staying at the Rex, I remember. But I don't think his name was Greg. He was only a kid, anyhow."

"Not Rodney?" exclaimed Sara. "That could be it." Tommy sounded vague. "Do you know him?"

"Oh, not really. He's Greg's son," she said, oddly disappointed. "Thank heavens it's not Greg, anyhow."

"I can check on it tomorrow if you like," said Tommy anxiously.

"It doesn't really matter," said Sara. She wanted suddenly to cry.

"Listen," said Tommy. "What are you doing? Why don't you come on over to my place? We expatriates have got to stick together, you know."

"Thanks awfully, Tommy," said Sara. "That's sweet of you; but I just don't feel like it tonight. Think I'll have an early night."

"O.K. Some other time, eh?" He rang off, and she sat there for a while staring blankly at an airline calendar which her flat-mate had affixed to the wall. Greg's son here . . . of all the ironies! She remembered him, of course, a tall young boy, towering over his father. Greg had been alternately proud and jealous of

Continuing . . .

A GAME FOR GROWN-UPS

from page 25

him. Once, when they'd met briefly at a restaurant, Greg had said tauntingly to Sara: "Now why don't you make a play for Rodney? He's much nearer your age group." Sara had been hurt, imagining that Greg wanted to get rid of her.

SHE had gone into the kitchen and was idly fixing coffee when the phone rang. She picked it up and a voice rattled off her number in Italian.

"Si, si," she said wearily, thinking: How I do hate telephone conversations in a foreign language. They can be so confusing! Then a voice said uncertainly: "Hello, could I speak to Sara Anderson, please?"

"This is Sara." "Thank heavens for that!" said the voice. "Look, I don't think you'll remember me, but Dad said to look you up when I got to Rome. I'm Rod Bennett."

"Yes, of course I remember you." She felt oddly embarrassed. "When did you arrive?"

"Just today; I'm staying at the Rex. I don't know another soul in Rome, so I hope you don't mind my ringing."

"Of course not." She was mentally registering his pose. For a boy of twenty, not bad. No doubt he'd take after his father, she thought bitterly.

"Look here, what about having dinner with me?" he asked. "Or is it too late?"

"It's never too late in Rome," she laughed, suddenly enjoying her role. "Where would you like to go . . . Trastevere—that's the best place for good food—or somewhere more central?"

"Oh, I'll leave it to you. Can I pick you up in say—fifteen minutes? I've got the car—Dad gave it to me before I left. He's got a new Jag, you know."

"No, I didn't know . . ." And a new girl to go with it, she was thinking. She gave him directions on how to reach

her street, and began getting ready. It was only as she ran downstairs to meet him that she wondered what on earth they would talk about. What did he know of her and Greg? She looked curiously at him as they met. He looked back with a wide, frank grin, and got out to open the car door.

Alarm clock: an invention used to wake adults who have no babies.—Easor's Comic Dictionary

"Gosh, it's good to speak English to someone again," he said as they drove towards the river. "To someone civilised, I mean. They talk it at my hotel, of course, but you can't have much of a conversation with a waiter, can you?"

"I know just how you feel," she smiled. "I was the same when I first arrived."

"Now I suppose you speak Italian like a native," he said enviously.

"Not exactly like a native," she said, laughing. It was the first time she'd laughed in weeks, come to think of it. She began to tell him about Rome, of what an exciting place it was to live in, of how she and her flat-mate managed with food and things, of the little towns in the hills around where they went on Sunday excursions. It wasn't until they had sat down and ordered their meal that she had time to examine him.

Rodney was a nice young man . . . far too nice to be Greg's son, Sara was thinking. She wondered what he thought of his father—adored him, no doubt. Greg would have been an indulgent father, overwhelming the boy with gifts, because he wanted to be loved—wasted it desperately.

And then a vagrant idea seized Sara. Here, in a couple of minutes, she could attack Greg's invulnerability, and send it toppling to the ground. It would take only a few words . . . a meaningful laugh . . . to let Rodney see his father in an entirely new light. And how sweet a triumph it would be! She thought of all the times Greg had hurt her: deliberately, maliciously, knowing she would endure it helplessly. Yes, the revenge would be very sweet indeed!

She leant forward to speak, and Rodney said: "You know, I can't believe you're one of Dad's friends."

"What do you mean?" she was startled.

"Well, you know . . ." he shrugged. "He gets around with such a bunch of no-hopers most of the time. They're the only sort who'll put up with him, I suppose. People who live like Dad does can't be too choosy after a while. That's why I'm so surprised about you . . . how on earth did he ever find anyone as nice as you?"

"I thought you didn't know," said Sara slowly. "About your father, I mean."

"Sure I knew!" he spoke contemptuously, scowling all at once. "Kids aren't dumb, you know. I guess I've known since I was about ten years old. Of course, I lived with Mum most of the time, but every now and then Dad would have a fierce paternal urge to see me . . . usually when he was tight . . . and he'd kidnap me off to his place for a weekend. Oh, I used to think it was lots of fun."

He was smiling, but his eyes were clouded in concentration. "The funny thing is," he said, "that with all his faults Dad can be quite fun. It took me a long time to realise that underneath that fun he's all mixed-up and can be pretty ruthless at times. I don't suppose it's his fault; he always had too much money."

"My, you are detached, aren't you?" said Sara with a

slight laugh. It was unnerving, hearing Greg analysed with such a cool incisiveness. And by his own son.

Rodney glanced up at her. "It's the only way to be about someone like Dad," he said.

Sara looked away, uncomfortably aware that he actually pitied her. The whole situation was getting out of hand. "I suppose so," she said. "But it's not easy."

"Well, I hope you manage it," Rodney said. "Because it's hopeless to look at Dad any other way. Now listen, give me some help with this menu, will you? You're the native around here."

Sara laughed and they did not talk of Greg again. It was a very enjoyable evening. Rodney talked of a lot of things, and seemed to have very definite ideas on all of them. Afterwards they drove back via the Colosseum, which always looked best by moonlight. As they sat there looking at it, Sara said wistfully: "I wish I had things worked out like you have . . . you really know where you're going, don't you?"

RODNEY

looked down at her in a strange way. "Well, I thought I had," he said. "Until tonight."

"What do you mean?" "Well . . ." he frowned.

"You, for instance. I thought I knew what you'd be like: rather hard and brittle, like all the others. And then you had to turn out like this."

"Like what?" she laughed. Instead of replying he took her in his arms and kissed her. For a moment she was too startled to respond. Then she pushed him away.

"No, Rod, you mustn't . . ." "Why not?" He looked belligerent—and so young she wanted to hug him, in a protective, maternal way.

"Because," she said softly. "It wouldn't be right."

"You mean you're still in love with Dad?" He did not look at her. She sighed, but shook her head. "No, not really. I'm getting over it. But it still wouldn't be right." Even though, she was think-

ing, it would be a perfect way of getting her own back on Greg. To run off with his son . . . how that would wound his vanity! But it was a fleeting thought, belonging to the old tormented Sara, not this new one who was slowly emerging, as the moon emerged now from behind the clouds.

"We'd better be going," she said. "It's been lovely."

He drove her home in silence, but as she was getting out he took her hand and squeezed it, saying: "I think Dad was mad to let you get away . . ."

She touched his cheek, smiling. "You've been wonderful for my morale; thanks, Rod. I hope you have a nice trip."

As she went inside, she couldn't help smiling. He was a nice kid. It would make an amusing story to tell someone, she thought. Not now, perhaps, but in a few months' time, when she could be really detached about it. And Tommy Blake would be the person to tell: yes, Tommy would understand.

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Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 21

Before he could wreak his vengeance on Claud's willowy person, Major Darracott must be swept from his path. The Major was large, but large men were notoriously slow, and could be hustled. Ned, himself a big man, went in with a rush, to mill him down before he could get upon his guard, and was sent crashing to the floor by a punch from something resembling more a sledge-hammer than a human fist.

The Major, standing over him, waited with unruffled calm for him to recover sufficiently from the stupefying effect of this punch to struggle to his feet again. When Ned got upon his hands and knees he apparently judged it to be necessary to assist him to leave the premises, which he did in an expeditious fashion that struck terror into the heart of Mr. Booley, faithfully awaiting the return of his friend from his punitive expedition.

The Major, having hurled the unbidden guest forth, turned, and came back into the hall, nodding to James, who was holding open the door, and saying with his customary amiability: "That's all; shut the door now!"

Lord Darracott, surveying him with approval, said "I'm obliged to you!" and went back into the library.

He was better pleased than he chose to betray, for without supposing that there was anything very remarkable in the ability to floor Ned Ackleton, he liked the neatness with which he had done it, and was

VINCENT was not much impressed, but he congratulated Hugo on his exploit with an air of exaggerated admiration. "I wish I had been privileged to witness the encounter," he said.

"Wonderful, it was!" replied Hugo, shaking his head. "Ay, you missed a high treat! He was no more than half-sprung, mind you, and not very much more than a couple of stone lighter than I am, so I did well, didn't I?"

That drew a reluctant laugh from Vincent. "My grandfather seems to think so. I'm told the fellow is much fancied as a fighter in these parts, but I collect you're not yourself a novice?"

"I can box," Hugo admitted, "but it's not often I do. I'm too big."

Everyone was pleased with Hugo's conduct except the Ackletons, both of whom were popularly held to be planning a hideous revenge; and Claud, who had no doubt on whom such a revenge would be wreaked, and considered that

Hugo would have done better to have detained Ned at Darracott Place until he could have been induced to have listened to reason.

Claud knew himself to be innocent of the charge brought against him, and great was his indignation when he discovered that his grandfather not only believed in his innocence on no grounds at all, but thought the worse of him for it.

In high dudgeon he declared his intention of leaving Darracott Place immediately, and might actually have done so had not his lordship said, crashing his fist down on the table before him, that he should do no such thing!

"No grandson of mine shall turn-tail while I'm in the saddle!" he announced.

What Lady Aurelia thought about it no one knew, for she never mentioned the matter, and nothing could be learned from her countenance or her demeanor. One or two jibes addressed to her by Lord Darracott were met with such blank stares of incomprehension that even he seemed to be daunted; and Mrs. Darracott confessed to her daughter that she for one doubted whether her ladyship knew anything at all about the affair.

Several days passed before Hugo paid his second nocturnal visit to the Dower House, wet weather making the sky cloudy for observation. But on the first clear evening he strolled on the path to the wicket-gate in the shrubbery shortly before mid-

night, a cigar between his teeth. The gate shrieked on its rusty hinges.

A slight reconnaissance showed him that the shrubbery was intersected by several paths, once, no doubt, when the hedges were clipped, and gravel strewn underfoot, furnishing the inhabitants of the Dower House with an agreeable promenade on windy days. The hedges had not been trimmed for years, however, and the place had become a wilderness, the various paths so overgrown as sometimes to be difficult to follow.

The moon was not yet half-full, and its light was a little fitful, but it was possible to make out the way. The house showed no light at any window, so it was to be inferred that Spurstow was either in bed and asleep or had put up the shutters in the kitchen-quarters as well as everywhere else in the house.

Having walked round the building, Hugo trod across the rank grass that had once been a shaven lawn and took up his position in the shadow of a tree standing on the edge of the carriage-drive.

He had not very long to wait. The wind that fretted the tree-tops was hardly more than a whisper, but the stillness was broken after a short time by the screech of an owl in the woods, followed almost immediately by a long drawn-out wail that rose to a shriek and died away in a sobbing moan, eerie in the night silence. The next instant a vague, misty figure appeared round the angle of the house and flitted into the shrubbery.

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Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 45

The Major, unperturbed by these manifestations, threw away the butt of his cigar and strode towards the shrubbery. A hasty movement behind him made him check, and turn quickly, searching with narrowed eyes the shadows cast by the bushes by the gates. Someone, who had been concealed by these, had started forward.

The Major saw the moonlight gleam on the barrel of a pistol, and, a moment later, recognised Lieutenant Ottershaw. Ottershaw, paying no heed to him, began to run across the grass, with the obvious intention of plunging into the shrubbery, but two long strides brought the Major between him and his goal, and obliged him to check.

"Nay, lad, I wouldn't do that, if I were you," Hugo said placidly.

"Did you see?" Ottershaw shot at him. "After that ghastly

will tell you plainly that I believe that — apparition! — to have been none other than Mr. Richmond Darzacott!"

"Why, yes!" Hugo said. "I think he's trying to make a May-game of you, and, if you want to know, I also think there's little he'd like better than for you to hold him up. Eh, lad, don't be so daft! It would be all over the country before the cat could lick her ear! Your commander wouldn't thank you for making a laughing-stock of yourself, and if you were to interfere with our Richmond the dust you'd raise would be nothing to the dust his lordship would kick up!"

"Oh, I'm well aware of that!" replied Ottershaw bitterly. "I look for nothing but obstruction from that quarter! I may say — from any member

in your head that road, let alone finding yourself in bad loaf with that Board of yours."

"Is that a threat, sir?" demanded Ottershaw.

"Nay, it's a friendly warning," replied Hugo.

The Lieutenant clicked his heels together, bowed, and strode off. Hugo watched him go and then began to retrace his own footsteps.

He had left his bedroom candle and his tinder-box on a table by the side door through which he had left the house, and after kindling a light and bolting the door he made his way up the staircases serving the wing in which his own and Richmond's bedchambers were situated. He went to Richmond's door and knocked on it. Eliciting no response, he turned the handle only to find that the door was locked. He knocked again, this time imperatively, and was rewarded by hearing Richmond call out: "Who is it?"

"Hugo. I want to speak to you," he replied.

There was the sound of an impatient exclamation, followed by the rattle of curtain-rings along a rod, and a creak which indicated that Richmond had got out of bed. The key turned in the well-oiled lock and the door was pulled open.

"What the devil do you want?" Richmond said crossly. "I thought you knew I hate to be disturbed at night!"

Hugo shut the door, held up the candlestick, and looked round. A glance showed Hugo that the curtains had been thrust back from one side of the four-poster and the bedclothes flung off. Not far from it a chair stood with a coat thrown carelessly on it. "You did undress in a hurry, didn't you?" he said.

Richmond, climbing into bed again, linked his hands behind his head, and said with a yawn: "I wish you will say what you want and go away!" Hugo set his candle down on the table beside the bed and lightly clasped the other which stood there. He said, smiling: "Nay, lad, I don't think you were asleep: your candle's still warm."

"I suppose I had just dropped off. That's worse! Must you sit on the bed?"

Hugo paid no heed to this complaint but said: "Richmond, my lad, you've not been to sleep at all and those clothes you've just stripped off weren't the ones you were wearing at dinner, so let's have no more humbug! Not half an hour ago you were playing hunt the squirrel over at the Dower House! And from the hasty way you got between sheets I think you'd a shrewd notion you'd be receiving a visit from me."

Richmond's eyes gleamed under his down-dropped lids. "Oh, have you seen the ghost, cousin?"

"No."

Richmond chuckled. "Didn't I hoax you?"

"You didn't hoax anyone, and it wasn't me you were trying to hoax, was it?"

"Of course it was! I saw you set out and guessed what you meant to do so I followed you."

"Did Spurstow tell you that I visited the place before on the same errand?"

Richmond laughed. "Of course!"

"And that Ottershaw was watching the house himself?"

"No, is he?"

"Come, lad, you knew that!"

"How should I know it?" Richmond countered.

"Probably because Spurstow told you. Between the pair of you, you've scared Ottershaw's men, but when you set out to scare him you made a back-cast, Richmond. He wasn't scared, and he wasn't deceived. If I hadn't

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



—that scream—someone in a sheet! Well, I'm going to discover who it is!"

"I saw," Hugo said. "But happen you'd best take care what you're about. You can't go ghost-hunting in a private garden, you know."

"That was no ghost!" Ottershaw said violently. "You know that, sir! I watched you; you never so much as jumped when that scream sounded! If you'd believed it was a ghost—"

"Oh, no! I didn't, of course."

"No! And why did you come here if it wasn't to discover who's playing tricks to keep people away from this place? I don't believe you're in it, but—"

"In what?" interposed Hugo.

The Lieutenant hesitated. "In what I know to be an attempt to drive me off!" he answered rather defiantly. "I've had my suspicions of this house ever since I came here, and I'm as sure as any man may be that it's one of the smugglers' chief storehouses!"

"No, I'm not in anything like that," said Hugo, "and if I were you, I'd put up that pistol. Were you meaning to challenge the ghost with it? You'd catch cold if you did, you know. It's no crime that I ever heard of to caper about rigged up as a ghost."

The Lieutenant did restore the pistol to its holster, but he was angry, and said very stiffly. "Very well, sir! But I

of your family, sir! I'd risk being made a laughing-stock if I could catch Richmond Darzacott at his tricks — as I might have done but for you!"

"Now what good would that do you?" asked the Major. "I daresay you'd like to give him a sharp lesson not to get up to this kind of hobbler at your expense, but you'd regret it if you did. You'd be better advised to pay no heed to him: he'd soon tire of the sport if you laughed at him — and got your men to do the same!"

"So you think he does it for sport, do you, sir?"

"Of course I do!" said the Major.

Ottershaw was silent for a moment. Then he said curtly: "I'll say goodnight to you, sir. I should not have spoken so freely perhaps, but since I have done so there can be little point in concealing what I make no doubt you have guessed."

"I believe Mr. Richmond Darzacott to be hand in glove with these pernicious smugglers! I have no wish — it is not the wish of the Board of Customs — to incur the ill-will of persons of Lord Darzacott's consequence, but I shall take leave to warn you that no such consideration would deter me — or, I should add, would be expected to deter me! — in the performance of what I might consider to be my duty!"

"Very proper," approved the Major, a note of amusement in his voice. "But if you don't despise a word of advice from one who's older than you, you'll make very sure you're right in your suspicions before you go into action. It's one thing to sympathise with smuggling, but another to be engaged in the trade. You've been having the devil of a time of it here and seemingly it's made you think that everyone who don't help you must be mixed up in the business himself. You'll end with windmills

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 22, 1960

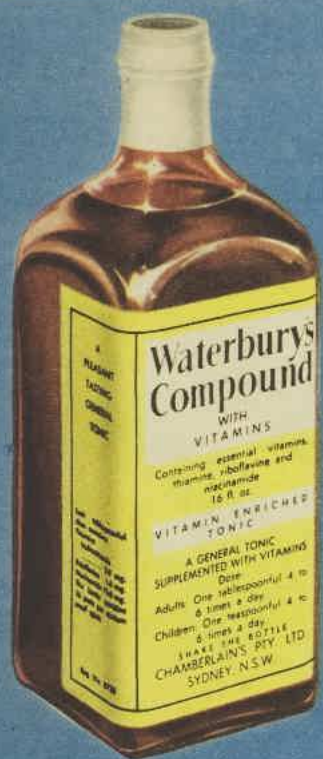
NOW...AUSTRALIA'S FINEST FAMILY TONIC IS

Vitamin Enriched



to promote and maintain sparkling health and vitality

Waterbury's Compound now WITH VITAMINS



Run-down, depressed, nervy?
Waterbury's with Vitamins will quickly restore your vitality and sparkle!



After-effects of colds or 'flu?
Waterbury's with Vitamins will soon have you fit — on top of the world again!



Listless, irritable, lacking energy? Waterbury's with Vitamins soon turns "snappy" into "happy" children — bubbling over with vigour and vim!



Convalescing or restricted diet?
Waterbury's with Vitamins for speedy recovery—or as nutritional supplement while on medical or slimming diet.

Waterbury's NEW VITAMIN FORMULA is a highly effective, revitalising tonic fortified with —

VITAMIN B₁ — which helps combat fatigue, irritability and depression... strengthens and stimulates... supplements dietary deficiencies. **NIACINAMIDE** — an important member of the Vitamin B Complex Group essential in good health. **RIBOFLAVINE** — which assists in tissue repair and growth... especially valuable during pregnancy and lactation.

HEALTH GIVING, ENERGY GIVING, PLEASANT TO TAKE

Safeguards health of whole family. Vitamin-supplemented and rich in minerals, phosphates, malt, glucose and other essential health factors, Waterbury's Compound with Vitamins is the complete tonic for the whole family — children, parents and grandparents alike.

Combats physical and mental strain. For people who work hard, either manually or mentally, energy-burning sportsmen and growing youngsters, Waterbury's Compound with Vitamins is a source of strength... combating fatigue and that "worn out" feeling.

Revitalises the body, strengthens nerves. Providing material for tissue repair and growth, rich in nerve-nourishing elements, Waterbury's Compound with Vitamins

speeds recovery to sparkling health... then helps to keep you well by building up your natural resistance to sickness.

Valuable as pre-natal and post-natal tonic. To meet the extra demands nature places upon her, the mother-to-be or nursing mother often requires a tonic supplement. The enriched formula of Waterbury's Compound with Vitamins makes it an ideal health tonic for mother during this precious and critical period of her (and her baby's) life.

Health giving, energy giving, pleasant to take—ideal for children! Waterbury's Compound with Vitamins combats deficiencies often associated with modern diet, and provides a rich supplement of health-giving, energy-giving elements. Extremely palatable, it's the tonic children like to take!

ASK YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST—HE KNOWS!



for effective DECONGESTIVE treatment of colds, 'flu and bronchitis, ask for

Waterbury's Red Label

Widely recommended for the treatment of respiratory ills and as a general health aid. Quickly clears bronchial congestion... breaks up stubborn colds fast!

GET WELL, STAY WELL, WITH

Waterbury's Compound

Mother-to-be or Nursing Mother? Waterbury's with Vitamins keeps you fit and well—helps you provide the extra nourishment a healthy baby needs.



FLASH
TAKES
YOUR
PICTURE-FUN
INDOORS



The Kodak Retinette 1A
Camera available separately
£14.5.0 (case extra).

The Kodak Retinette 1A Camera
Outfit contains Retinette Camera,
always-ready carrying case, flash-
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Slide Pocket Viewer, Kodachrome
Film and full instructions. Com-
plete for £22.10.0.
(All items available separately.)

WITH KODAK'S GREAT

Retinette 35mm. Camera

YOU'LL TAKE BRILLIANT INDOOR COLOUR SLIDES

You'll be surprised just how easy it is to take flash colour pictures! You'll find it's no trouble at all . . . with a Kodak Retinette 35mm. Camera Outfit. When you think of it, some of the finest snapshot opportunities occur indoors . . . the children splashing in the bathtub . . . grown-up daughter gowned and radiant for her favourite date . . . a gathering of friends at a happy party. Why miss them? Keep your happy moments fresh and clear in brilliant indoor colour slides that you can project again and again in your own living room as large-as-life — or from these same slides have sparkling colour prints made.

The Retinette 1A 35mm. Camera is easy to operate for outdoor and indoor flash pictures and has all the finest features for perfect picture making including colour-corrected $f/3.5$ lens, speeds to $1/250$ th second, modern bright-line viewfinder, rapid lever wind and is synchronized for flash.

Flash is easy — flash is fun — flash is a great idea for pictures indoors. make sure you try it soon with a Retinette Camera.

Kodak

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stopped him he might well have caught you."

"Not he! Much good would it have done him if he had, too!"

"So I told him," said Hugo. But it would have done you no good, either."

"Why, is there a law against bamboozling excisemen?" asked Richmond. "Just kicking up a lark!"

"Is that why you did it?"

"Yes, of course: why else should I do it?" Richmond said.

"That's what I don't know, lad, but I think you're too old to be kicking up that sort of a lark."

The impish gleam had faded from Richmond's dark eyes; the look he shot at Hugo was one of smouldering resentment. "Maybe! What else have I to do? I wish you will go away!"

"Happen I will, when you stop trying to stall me off, and give me a plain answer," Hugo replied, a little sternly. "I've a notion you're in dangerous mischief. Ottershaw's not the clodhead you think him. Now, tell me the truth! Have you embroiled yourself in the smuggling trade?"

Richmond sat up with a jerk. "Well, upon my word—! Why should I take to free-trading, pray?"

"For sport," replied Hugo, smiling faintly. "Because it's a dead bore to have nothing to do but mind your book—which I've yet to see you do!—and dance attendance on your grandfather. If you're helping to run contraband goods, it's because you like the adventure, not for gain." His smile broadened as he saw Richmond glance strangely at him. "Well, has that hit the needle?"

AL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 46

"I played ghost for sport. Famous sport it was, too! You should have seen those cow-hearted dragoons huddling together. However, if Ottershaw's rumbled me there's no sense in continuing. I won't do it again. Are you satisfied?"

Hugo shook his head. "Not quite. What makes you lock your door every night?"

"How do you know that I do?" Richmond countered quickly.

"Eh, there's no secret about it! Everyone in the house knows it. You take precious good care no one should come near you once you've gone to bed, don't you?"

"Yes, and you've been told why!"

"I've been told that if you're roused you don't drop off to sleep again, and that's humbug!"

Richmond gave a little chuckle. "Oh, no! Not wholly! But there are nights when I don't sleep much. If you must know, when that happens I can't lie counting the minutes. I get up and go out, if there's moonlight. And sometimes I go out with Jem Hordle fishing. Well, that's why I take care no one shall come tapping at my door."

"If my mother knew, or grandpapa, what a clutter there would be! They want to keep me wrapped in lambswool, you must know that. As for taking the Scamew out at night—particularly since my uncle and Oliver were drowned—if either of them so much as suspected I did that—oh, I'd be watched and guarded I should run mad!"

Hugo said nothing for a moment or two, but sat looking down at Richmond with a slight frown in his eyes.

It was Richmond who broke

the silence, saying sweetly: "May I try now if I can go to sleep, cousin?"

"I suppose so," Hugo answered, getting up. He hesitated, and then said: "You've told me you're not meddling in contraband, and I hope that was the truth. I dislike the cut of that Riding Officer. He's mighty suspicious of you, and

"I hope he can't but chance it happens that you find yourself in a hobble, don't throw your cap after it, but come to me. I've been in more than one tight squeeze in my time."

"Much obliged to you!" Richmond murmured. "It's midsummer moon with you, you know, but I'm persuaded you mean it kindly. Do go to bed, Hugo! I'm so very sleepy!"

Richmond did not look, on the following morning, as



"We're looking for a bed, not a trampoline."

though I wouldn't say he was down to every move on the board, he's by no means the sap-skull you think him."

A little, confident smile curled Richmond's mouth. "He's been outjockeyed again and again—by what I've heard."

"Ay, and he's not the man to cry craven," said Hugo significantly. "He don't love you, Richmond, and if he thought he could bowl you out he'd do it."

"But he can't."

though he could have been as sleepy as he said he was when Hugo left him. He went riding as usual before breakfast, but when his mother and his grandfather saw him each perceived immediately that he was heavy-eyed and a little pale.

His eyes met Hugo's once, in a look ridiculously compound of defiance and entreaty. He won no response, but derived considerable reassurance from his large cousin's expression, which was one of bovine stupidity.

Since he did not think that Hugo was at all stupid, he interpreted this as a sign that he had no immediate intention of disclosing the previous night's events to Lord Darra-cott, and did not again glance in his direction.

That swift, challenging look had not, however, escaped his sister's notice, and at the earliest opportunity she commanded Hugo to explain its meaning. "And pray don't stare at me as though you were a moonling!"

"Nay, love, that's not kind!" protested the Major, much hurt. "I know I'm not needle-witted, but I'm not a moonling!"

"You're the slyest thing in nature!" his love informed him with great frankness. "But I myself am pretty well up to snuff, so don't think to tip me a rise, if you please."

Shocked by this forthright speech he said: "Eh, you mustn't talk like that, lass! You'll be setting folks in a regular bustle. That's a very ungentle thing to say: even I know that!"

"Forgive me, cousin!" she begged, primming up her mouth. "I meant, of course, that it is useless to think you can deceive me!"

"That's much more seemly," he said approvingly.

She looked up into his face, smiling a little wistfully. "Don't quiz me, Hugo! Why did Richmond look at you like that? As if he was afraid of you—afraid you were going to say something he didn't wish you to. Tell me what it was—pray tell me, Hugo!"

He possessed himself of her hands, and held them clasped together against his chest. Smiling reassuringly down at her, he said: "Just what sort of a queer nabs do you think I am?"

"Oh, no, no, I don't think that!" she said quickly.

"Well, I'd be a very queer nabs if I'd a secret with Richmond and blabbed it to you!" he replied. "Nay then, don't look so fatched! All Richmond was afraid of was that I might say something, which he'd as lief wasn't said before his mother and the old gentleman. And I can't say I blame him," he added reflectively. "To hear the pair of them talk you'd think he was eight years old instead of eighteen!"

She nodded. "Yes, I know that. Do I seem a dreadful peagoose? I daresay I am!"

"You do and all!" he told her lovingly.

"What a truly detestable creature you are!" she remarked. "I collect Richmond was not tossing restlessly in his bed, but was not, in fact, in his bed at all, but I promise you I don't mean to inquire where he was, because from anything I have ever heard one should never, if one wishes to retain the least respect for them, inquire what gentlemen do when they have contrived to escape from their female relatives."

Charmed by this large-mindedness, the Major said with simple fervor: "I knew you'd make a champion wife, love!"

"On the contrary! My husband will live under the cat's foot."

"I'm very partial to cats," offered the Major hopefully.

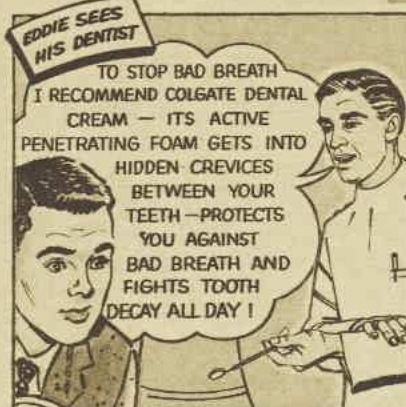
She smiled, but drew her hands away, shaking her head at him. "My own belief is that you are a flirt!"

"Oh, is it?" he retorted. "If that's so I'll be off and ask my Aunt Elvira's leave to pay my addresses to you without any more ado!"

"I shall warn her to hint you away—not that I have much

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So, What Have I Done This Time?



STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE

WHILE YOU Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and tooth decay. Protect your

teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate. Children love its extra minty flavour! You will love it, too!

FOR WHITE TEETH
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DENTAL CREAM
IN THE WORLD!



COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
CLEANS YOUR BREATH
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- Just one brushing with COLGATE
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EMMCO . . . AIRZONE . . . WERNER . . . COLEMAN . . . FYRSIDE
HUSMANN . . . PARKINSON . . . BRIAR . . . BUZACOTT . . .
CORAMIC . . . COROX . . . HARFORD . . . "Talisman" and
"Capri" PLASTICS . . . "CLUB" BLADES

hope that a mere hint will serve, because you are quite without conduct or delicacy, and altogether a most improper person!"

Cordially agreeing with this reading of his character, the Major ventured to remind her that it was her duty, as seen by her grandfather, to reclaim him.

"I am persuaded it would be a hopeless task," she replied firmly. "What's more, I know very well that all this nonsensical talk is what Richmond calls a 'fling,' to lead me away from what I wish to say to you. Don't joke me any more, but tell me—" She broke off, knitting her brows.

"Tell you what, love?" "I don't know. Lately—before you came here—I have felt uneasy about Richmond. I can't precisely tell why, except that he was in such flat despair when Grandpapa ordered him to put the thought of a military career out of his head. He wasn't sullen, or rebellious—he never is, you know—but dawdling, and languid, not caring for anything very much, his spirits low and depressed.

"And then, all at once, and for no reason that I could perceive, he became alive again. He has a great deal of reserve, but one can always tell by his eyes: they are so very speaking! Mama says that when they are bright it is a sign that he is in good health, but it's not so—not wholly! When he was a little boy, and in dangerous mischief, they used to look alight, just as I've seen them again and again in these past months.

"Once, when I went for a sail with him and Jem in the Seaweed, a gale blew up, and we had the narrowest of escapes from foundering. I was never so frightened in my life—well, it was the horriest thing!—but Richmond enjoyed it! He had that look: his eyes positively blazing—smiling, too, in the most inhuman way! It was as though he liked fighting the waves, and being in the greatest peril, which Jem afterwards told me we were!"

Hugo nodded. "Ay, he would: he's that road. It's excitement he likes, and it leads him into dare-devilry, because he's bored, and too full of

Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

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energy for the loitering life he leads. By hedge or by stile we must bring his lordship round to the notion of a Hussar regiment for the lad."

"If one could!" she sighed. "You may say I'm indulging crotchets, but when he looked at you today it flashed across my mind that he is in a scrape, and that you know what it is. Do you, Hugo?"

"Nay, I'm not in his confidence," he replied.

She scanned his face searchingly but to no avail. "When he shot that look at you I knew that he didn't go to bed when he said goodnight to us, and it was plain that you knew that at least."

He laughed. "Don't fidget yourself, love! He took it into his head to try if he could play a prank on me, young varmint!"

She looked relieved, but not wholly convinced. After thinking it over for a moment, she said: "I think he does sometimes slip out of the house when we believe him to be in bed. One can but own that the Darracotts all have a certain unsteadiness of character—if you know what I mean!"

"I know just what you mean, and the Darracotts have not all that particular unsteadiness of character!"

She smiled. "Well, I hope not! But after Claud's escapade—"

"So that's what's put you into the hips!" he interrupted. "You may be easy! I fancy we'll receive no drunken invasion on our Richmond's account. I'd a notion myself he might be in mischief, but he's told me it's not so. Think no more of it, love!"

She said gratefully: "If Richmond knows your eye is on him I shouldn't think he'd dare plunge into a scrape. I am very much obliged to you!"

He had the satisfaction of seeing the worried look vanish from her face; but the reassurance he had conveyed to her was no reflection of his own state of mind. He found himself in a quandary; for while,

on the one hand, the task of informing Lord Darracott of his discovery and his suspicion was naturally repugnant to him, and certainly fatal to his future relationship with Richmond, on the other, he was unable to persuade himself that Richmond's word might be accepted without reservation.

An impulse to encourage Anthea to question him herself had no sooner occurred to him than he had rejected it. Richmond, in his judgment, was neither young enough nor old enough to tolerate the interference of a sister. There seemed to be nothing for it (since his uneasy suspicion rested on no solid foundation) but to watch Richmond unobtrusively.

A THIRD course swiftly presented itself. Vincent, encountering him on his way home from one of his tours of the estate with my lord's bailiff, elected to ride back to the house with him, and said, as soon as Glossop had parted company with the cousins: "I hear you've laid the Darracott ghost, coz. Poor Richmond! But I think he should have known better than to have entertained the least hope of shaking your stolidity."

"So he told you, did he?" Hugo said slowly.

"But of course!" Vincent returned, his brows lifting in mockery. "He may have misjudged you, but he knows me well enough not to dream of withholding such an excellent story from me."

"I should have thought of that before," said Hugo. He turned his head, the hint of his disarming grin on his countenance. "You were in the right of it: dull, brainless Ajax fairly hits me off! Happen you're the only one among us with the power to bring that lad to his senses. Did he tell you all that passed between us last night?"

"He didn't withhold the cream of the jest from me, if that's what you mean," replied Vincent, with his glinting smile.

"Remember I'm blockish!" said Hugo. "What was the cream of it, by your reckoning?"

"The cream of the jest was the conclusion you jumped to, in your somewhat ingenuous fashion—if I may be permitted so to describe it!"

Quite unmoved by the studied offensiveness of this answer, Hugo asked straitly: "Has it never occurred to you that there's something devilish smoky about that halfling's docility? He doesn't want for spirit."

"I am afraid I have never given the matter a thought," said Vincent, smothering a yawn.

"Give it one now then. Did it ever occur to you he was touchwood, needing no more than a spark to set him ablaze?"

"No," said Vincent very gently. "But do, pray, continue. You mustn't think I am not enjoying it. I am, in fact, much rapt in this, and—er—apprehend immediately 'The unknown Ajax.' The passage, which I've mauled a little, continues: 'Heavens, what a man is there—but perhaps it would be uncivil to complete the line, and for me to be uncivil to the future head of my family would not do at all.'"

The Major regarded him with tolerant amusement, remarking placidly: "For one who doesn't want for sense you waste a mort of time milking the pigeon. Richmond wasn't playing ghost last night for my benefit. He wanted to scare Ottershaw away from the Dower House, if he could do it. He knows now he can't, and I believe him when he says he won't cut that caper again."

"If I didn't, I'd have no choice but to lay the whole matter before his lordship, which is the last thing I want to do. Ottershaw had his pistol

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Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 65. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"VALERIE."—Attractive tennis frock, with pleated bodice and skirt. Material is easy-to-laundry white poplin or pique. Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/19/11; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/5/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 48/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 51/6. Postage 4/- extra.

"JANE."—Neat and simple design for the junior miss between 10 and 16 years. Again, the material is white poplin or pique.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 10 to 12 years, £3/14/6; 14 to 16 years, £3/16/6.

Cut Out Only: 10 to 12 years, 53/6; 14 to 16 years, 55/6. Postage 4/- extra.

Now! ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

the new pre-cooked weaning food
... in powder form

Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in powder form, containing vitamins and minerals to provide easily assimilated nourishment essential for your baby's strength and growth. This new baby food has proved most popular in the United Kingdom and is recommended by Infant Welfare Centres there. Now, for the first time, Australian babies can enjoy it, too.

FOR STURDY GROWTH AND CONTENTED FEEDING
When your baby is ready for weaning, an all-milk diet ceases to be satisfying, and this

is the time to introduce Baby Rice Cereal. Babies love the delicious creamy flavour of this nourishing baby cereal, which provides in easily digestible form, basic diet requirements necessary during the weaning period. **READY IN AN INSTANT**
Baby Rice Cereal is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk. **TODDLERS, TOO!**
Toddlers, too, thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food, or made up into the special recipes given on the pack.

ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

By the makers of Robinson's Patent Groggs and Barley

FREE SAMPLE OFFER.

Send for a free trial sample to Reckitt & Colman (Aust.) Ltd., Box 2515, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—JUNE 22, 1960



Elastoplast

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DRESSING STRIP

*now means you can dress
large or small wounds easily
IN SECONDS!*

- 1 COMFORT** The comfortable elastic fabric stretches as flexibly as your own skin... is positively adhesive... holds firmly at a touch.
- 2 PROTECTION** Continuous medicated pad, running full length of strip, is treated with the effective-antiseptic, 'Domiphen Bromide'.
- 3 VENTILATION** Porous adhesive fabric allows air-movement through the dressing... lets wound breathe... aids natural healing.
- 4 SAFETY** A plastic cover protects the dressing for its complete one-yard length and ensures surgical cleanliness always.
- 5 ECONOMY** There's no wastage with Elastoplast one-yard dressing... cut off as much or as little as needed to cover the wound.



Flesh-colored fabric is inconspicuous. Its stretch means extra comfort, too.



Elastoplast Dressing Strip can be quickly cut to any size.



Especially suitable for all hard-to-bandage places.

Elastoplast Dressing Strip is available in one-yard lengths and 1½, 2½ and 3-inch widths. Keep it in the home, for safety's sake. From all Chemists and Stores.

Elastoplast
TRADE MARK

DRESSING STRIP

ELASTIC ADHESIVE

2½ in x 1 yd

Now ventilated to let wounds breathe!



ELASTOPLAST on handy spools... fabric elastic plaster "grips" or "gives" according to method of application. In 1", 2" and 3" widths.



WATERPROOF ELASTOPLAST on spools protects against water, oil and grease. Washable non-catch surface. 1" width in one and three yard lengths.

ELASTOPLAST ELASTIC ADHESIVE DRESSINGS — 12 regular strips that protect, heal and seal out dust and germs. Only 1/6

ELASTOPLAST IS A PRODUCT OF SMITH & NEPHEW —
FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER FOR SURGICAL DRESSINGS AND FIRST AID

Darby O'Gill and the Little People



DEJECTED Darby O'Gill, surrounded by his wee captors, is told that he will forever remain the prisoner of the King of the Leprechauns. At left: Sean Connery and Janet Munro find romance in the land of the Little People.

Entertainment

☆ To the Irish, who believe in leprechauns, the Little People mean big trouble.

BUT to outsiders they're quaint, weird, and exciting.

In this M.G.M. film, Walt Disney — himself half Irish and a believer — stirs up trouble between Darby O'Gill (Albert Sharpe), a whimsical shanachie—or traditional storyteller — and King Brian of the Leprechauns.

This charming battle of wits with ancient magic is complicated by the love of Darby's comely

daughter, Janet Munro, for Sean Connery, the old man's successor in his job as grounds-keeper.

Despite their aversion to such human frailty, the Wee Folk help match-make.





THE ONE AND ONLY ONCE-OVER CLEANER!

Flash

CLEANS LINO
TWICE AS FAST! TWICE AS EASY!

— AS ANY SOAP OR DETERGENT

No messy suds! No rinsing! No wiping dry! Flash—and only Flash—has a new, revolutionary dirt-removing principle that absorbs dirt on contact. Even stubborn heel marks disappear! Flash makes all other lino cleaners old-fashioned . . . leaves no streaks or smears. Cleans twice as fast . . . twice as easy as any soap or detergent . . . it's thriftier by far than liquid cleaners.

REMEMBER, FLASH IS CONCENTRATED!

Only two spoonsful of Flash in half a bucket of hot water will clean all the lino in most kitchens . . . with enough left over for cupboards and spots on painted walls and woodwork. One packet of Flash lasts months!

Try Flash today! At grocers everywhere



Countless housewives use Flash for walls and woodwork, too! Once over with Flash and walls, woodwork, tiles, basins and stoves are spotless. No messy suds! No rinsing! No wiping dry!



All you do with Flash. Dip your mop or cloth into the Flash solution. Wring out till nearly dry—then, with one wipe, dirt disappears. Flash cleans twice as easy . . . twice as fast! Once over—job's done!

New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★★ **Darby O'Gill and the Little People**
Fantasy, with Albert Sharpe, Sean Connery, Janet Munro, Jimmy O'Dea. Liberty, Sydney. In color.

THE Irish, their leprechauns, and Walt Disney's imagination at its best have created this whimsical film of local "doings" in the quaint old village of Rathcullen.

Caretaker on his lordship's estate and popular story-teller in the local inn, Darby O'Gill (Albert Sharpe), on learning his coveted job is to be given to young stranger Sean Connery, fears for his pretty daughter Janet Munro's community standing. Craftily he persuades his successor to keep the change a secret for two weeks.

Living in two worlds—the real and the fantasy—the old man spends his allotted time battling with his chief adversaries, the Little People, led by jovial King Brian (Jimmy O'Dea), and matchmaking for Janet.

Superbly photographed on realistic sets, the colorful, peaceful village is a tonic. In contrast, the leprechauns' mountain stronghold is humming with vigorous activity.

In one brilliantly colorful sequence, Darby is trapped in King Brian's underground kingdom—a dazzling gold-and-onyx cavern. His gleeful captors—resplendently garbed—burst into a spirited Fox Dance to a wild Irish reel.

With back-country brogue and lively action, convincing performances come from the entire cast. But it is Albert Sharpe's show. As the kindly yet stubborn old man, he excels and wins your heart.

In a word . . . QUIET.

★★ **THE BRIDE IS MUCH TOO BEAUTIFUL**

French comedy with Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan, Micheline Presle. Gala, Sydney.

PROVOCATIVE Brigitte Bardot has a fitting role in this comedy of high jinks in the Paris fashion world.

An ambitious promotion scheme to boost the sales of a fashion magazine gets out of hand when the central figures—Bardot, newly discovered sensation as the country's Ideal Girl, Jourdan, the playboy-director, and Presle, the hard-headed fashion editor—decided to break their puppet strings and lead their own lives at a critical stage of the promotion.

Brigitte, undressed for most of the film, still gives a fairly credible portrayal of sweet innocence.

In a word . . . FROTHY.

★ **THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY**

Adventure, with Robert Mitchum, Julie London. Esquire, Sydney. In color.

THIS action-packed six-gun adventure along the Texas-Mexico border is so laced with sub-plots, it's confusing.

Characters appear suddenly, shine briefly, then drop abruptly from the script.

Shot in Mexico, the color photography of "Sombbrero" townships and the surrounding countryside is the film's best feature. A whirling fiesta, staged by local bit-players, is fascinating.

A paid "pistolero" from south o' the border, Robert Mitchum is injured in Texas while buying contraband. Convalescing in the North, the "hired gun" makes many friends, including bored Army wife Julie London.

But violence drives Mitchum back South, where he runs into more trouble—from his cut-throat employers.

With action humming on both sides of the Rio Grande and Mitchum the centre of it all, the plot is complicated by an Apache attack. The resulting covered-waggon chase makes a refreshing "Wild West" interlude.

Able backed by the supporting cast, rugged Robert Mitchum gives a strong performance. But Julie London is a colorless, flat personality.

In a word . . . OUTDOOR.

HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

Horror, with Vincent Price, Carol Ohmart, Richard Long. Capitol, Sydney.

IN an attempt to chill, this amateurish "horror" film overplays all the old "thrill" gags in the book. It couldn't frighten a mouse.

Five guests—strangers to their ghoulish millionaire-host (Vincent Price) and his cynical wife, and strangers to each other—agree to spend one tormented night in a haunted house for cash. It's a type of dare.

To a background of creaking doors, ghastly apparitions, hanging bods, a stormy night, and so on, seven fools drift round the death house in ones and twos.

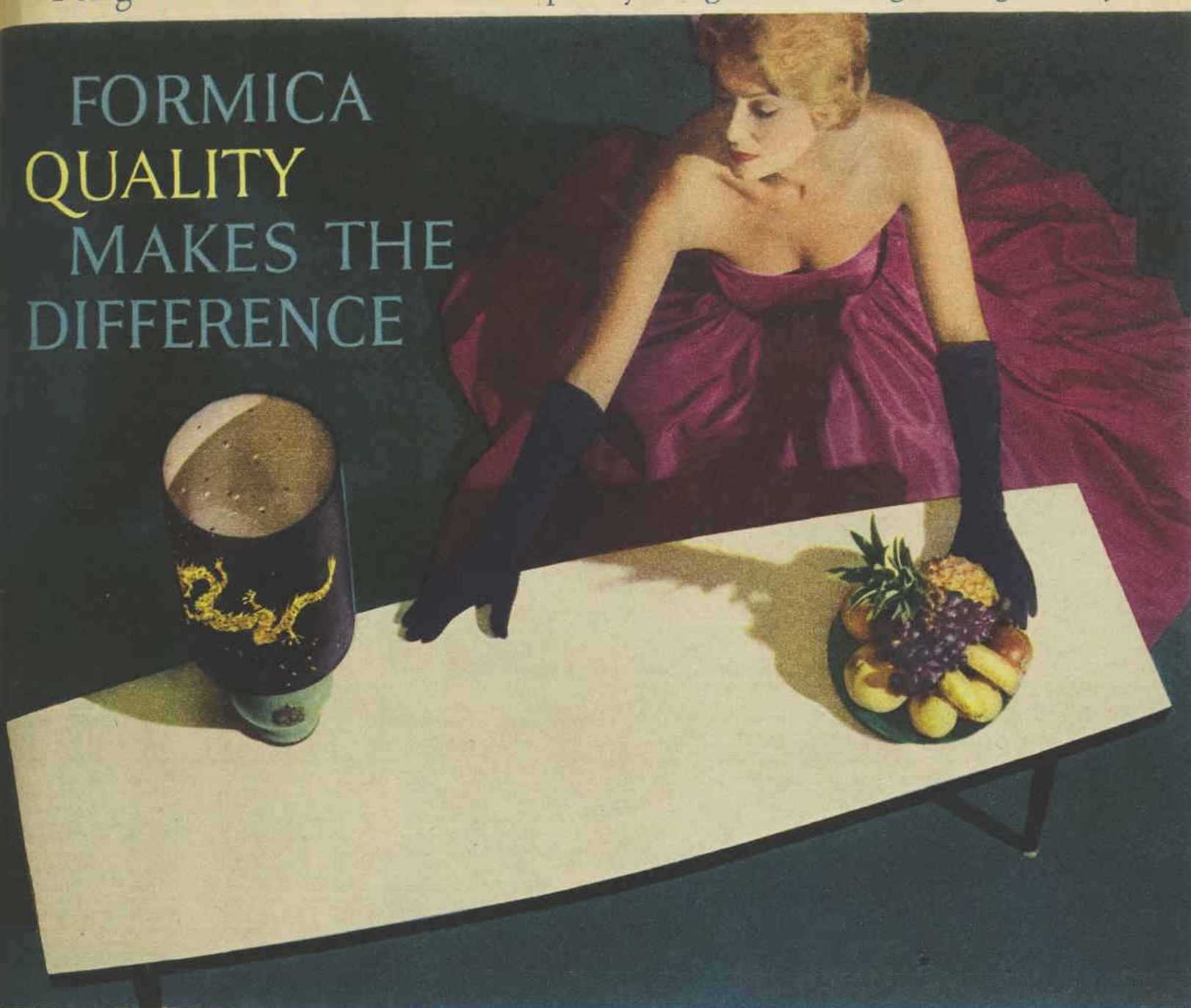
Love blossoms beside the acid vat in a creepy cellar when hysterical Carol Ohmart and fresh-faced Richard Long take time from ghost-hunting to get to know each other.

With the continual wailing effects reaching a pitch before each "thrill," all possibility of suspense is killed. And the mystery of who's-doin'-it is solved far too soon.

In a word . . . FLAT.

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SOCIAL ROUNABOUT

By MARY COLES

CHARMING newcomer in Diplomatic circles is *Signora Giulio Carnevali, wife of the Consul General for Italy. She is tall, slender, attractive and wears little make-up.*

Dr. Carnevali preceded his wife to Sydney several months ago. When she reached here recently with their small children, Nicola, Andrea, and Pola, their "luggage" included a very beautiful, modern Italian, black palissandro wood dining room suite.

The dining-room at the new Consular residence, which was formerly occupied by the "Deke" Colemans, in Wentworth Avenue, Point Piper, has a glorious view of the Harbor.

A TRIUMPHANT departure was made by Mrs. F. K. Topham, of Bellevue Hill, from the superb luncheon for 50 guests hosted by Mrs. M. A. Aldritt at her home at Point Piper. Everyone was presented with a number on arrival, and Mrs. Topham's carried the prize of a matching handbag, gloves, umbrella—and a hat of her own choosing. The luncheon was a curtain-raiser to the Pied Piper Ball, which will be at Prince's on June 24 for the Spastic Centre, Mosman.

I HEAR Mrs. Paddy Russell, of Minto, has been summoned to Adelaide next month to be "imported talent" modeling at a parade of clothes, hats, and jewels to aid the Royal Flying Doctor Service. Next week, she and Major Russell will motor down to Bendigo, where he will present a large rose bowl to the 38th Northern Victorian Regiment from the South Staffordshire Regiment. He has been deputed to make the gift, which has just arrived from England because he is the only member of the regiment in Australia.

GREGORY MACARTHUR are the names chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Quentin Stanham, of Camden Park, Murrumbidgee, for their infant son. Mrs. Stanham was formerly Antonia Blaxland.

AT the final concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra I met Mrs. Eugene Gerofi, secretary of the State Opera Company, treasuring a sprig of gumleaves. It had just arrived from a resident of outback Queensland, with a letter enthusing about the lunch-hour concerts given by the Opera Company for the Sydney City Council in local parks. He wrote that memories of the concerts he enjoyed during a recent visit to Sydney gave him "something to talk about" while he sat on his horse, watching restless cattle. Referring to his part of the world, he added, "They say this is a country where the men don't talk—the rivers don't flow—and wildflowers have no scent, but we have hearts and ears for good music."

WHEN Mrs. Lorimer Dods was asked recently the name of the Dods' seaside cottage at Palm Beach, she said, "Well, I call it my Second Sink!"

THE Speaker's wife, Mrs. Ray Maher, went on the record as a quick-change artist last week. At 8 p.m., wearing a mink-trimmed alpaca suit, she was assisting to receive the Premier, Mr. R. J. Heffron, at the opening of the North Shore Historical Society Art Exhibition. An hour later she was gowned in a white satin silver-embroidered frock, in role of a vice-president of the Mater Ball, ready with Mrs. Tom Bateman, the ball president, to welcome the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward on their arrival at the Harlequin Ball at the Trocadero. "I made it by changing outfits behind a screen at the Art Exhibition," she explained.

BEFORE settling in the old, two-storeyed house they bought recently at Etham Avenue, Darling Point, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Walder are having it renovated to restore its original Victorian charm. The furnishings will also be in keeping with the period of its heyday.

IT is hard to believe that the spellbinding Tahitian has danced by sylph-like Mrs. G. P. Battisti, as a cabaret item at the dinner dance aboard the Oranje, for the Sunday Life Saving Association was a non-professional appearance. She told me later she had "just picked up the hula" holidaying in Tahiti. Mrs. Battisti and her husband, who is an Italian engineer, settled in Sydney six years ago from Milan. They have since holidayed twice at Tahiti, and are flying off there again for several weeks next month to soak up more sun and island lore.

BACHELORS' BALL president Tony Pratten tells me that this year for the first time a bevy of belles has been recruited to assist the young hosts arrange their ball at Prince's on June 17 to aid Torch Bearers for Legacy. They include Rosemary Arnott, Sally Martin, Shanny Stening, Susan Fuller, Adrienne Hill, Gail Goodall, and Carolyn Copeland. Teresa Zalapa, who is entertaining at her flat at Point Piper, and Tim and Bill Allen and Reg Ducker, who will start the evening with a cocktail party at their flat at Ros Bay, are among the pre-ball party-givers.



AWAITING presentation at the Legacy Ball (from left): John Buckland, Irene Goode, David Tanner, Faye Boag, Robert Allen, Phillip Killey, and Sandra Turner, in the foyer of the Trocadero. The girls were among the 21 debutantes who were presented to the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward.

PEOPLE AND PARTIES



SMILES from Anne Woinarski, of Vacluse, and John Clifton Bligh, with gay balloons which were a feature of the decor at the Mater Harlequin Ball at the Trocadero. Anne wore electric-blue taffeta.

PRESIDENT of the Surf Life Saving Association, Judge Curlew (left), Mrs. Denys Golder, and Mr. and Mrs. Adrian van Bochove (couple on right) at gala dinner-dance arranged by Mr. and Mrs. van Bochove aboard the liner Oranje to aid the Association. Mrs. Golder wore an orchid-satin frock, and Mrs. van Bochove gold-satin with a white beaded belt.



AT THE SWISS INN (from left): Dr. and Mrs. Nicolai Malko, with Richard Burgin and Mrs. Thomas Perry, jun., at supper party given by the A.B.C. for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. A map-of-Australia cake was a feature of the supper menu.

"PROFESSOR HIGGINS," of "My Fair Lady," Robin Bailey, and his wife (couple on right) chatting with Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere and Mr. Mervyn Horton at the preview of the Theatre Design Exhibition at David Jones' Art Gallery for Opera House Appeal.

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Dirt-under-the-carpet problem on TV

By NAN MUSGROVE

● World Refugee Year, being held in Australia at present, has been marked by a spate of excellent films highlighting the terrible problem of stateless refugees who seem to be doomed to spend their whole lives in refugee camps.

"WHERE is Abel, Your Brother?" on Channel 9, June 19, at 10 p.m., is narrated by film star Madeleine Carroll, who spent three years with the Red Cross in Italy immediately after World War II working with the refugees.

"Abel" deals directly with the situation of refugees who are unable to find a new homeland, generally because of their physical disabilities.

All that is before them is a life of frustration and disappointment in the dreariness of the refugee camps.

The picture was made, said its producer, Reuven Frank, to publicise the problem instead of disposing of it as

more fortunate people seem to do by "sweeping it under the rug out of sight."

★ ★ ★

"RIVERBOAT," the new adventure show on Sydney's Channel 7, is a period piece, the sort that TV producers seem to favor and do better than most.

Set in the 1850s, it's a kind of Western made in a self-

contained set, the riverboat "Enterprise," which plies up and down the Mississippi.

The action is fast and furious with Indians when in port.

Like most hour adventure series, it has guest stars and a great build-up for the permanent character and hero, a gentleman gambler who owns "Enterprise"—none other than Darren McGavin, whom you meet regularly later in the week as Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer.

Mr. McGavin does far better on "Enterprise" than he ever does in his flat-top hat as Mike Hammer. He is a more credible and more likeable character.

But what I like best of all is his "Riverboat" name—Grey Holden. I wonder do they call him Red Cadillac in America?

★ ★ ★

"THE John Konrads Show," that made its debut recently on Channel 9, is a teenage half-hour compered by world champion swimmer 17-year-old John Konrads.

John appears as himself, not as a world-famous-swimmer-as-compere, and does a very good job. He is host to a show that features a collection of variety acts by teenagers, who are chosen in auditions held all over Australia.

The show is bright and is a wonderful training ground for young artists. Outstanding in it is the manner and poise

TELEVISION PARADE

of its young compere. He handles his performers and televiewers with a great deal more charm than many comperes much older in years and experience.

One of the skilful things about this well-produced show is that Konrads appears solely as compere—free of gimmicks and go-on.

If Konrads continues the way he is starting, he will probably, in years to come, also hold TV records for charm and popularity.



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Two slick operators

"The Perry Como Show" depends largely on "idiot boards" for its smooth production. ("Idiot boards" are printed prompts held up outside camera range.) Slick operators can read without appearing to—an art which saves hours of learning lines. The picture (at left) was taken in Covent Garden, where part of "Perry Como in London" was filmed. At right, Perry talks with prima ballerina Dame Margot Fonteyn, who is in the show. Extreme left is the "idiot board" from which they are reading their "casual" conversation.

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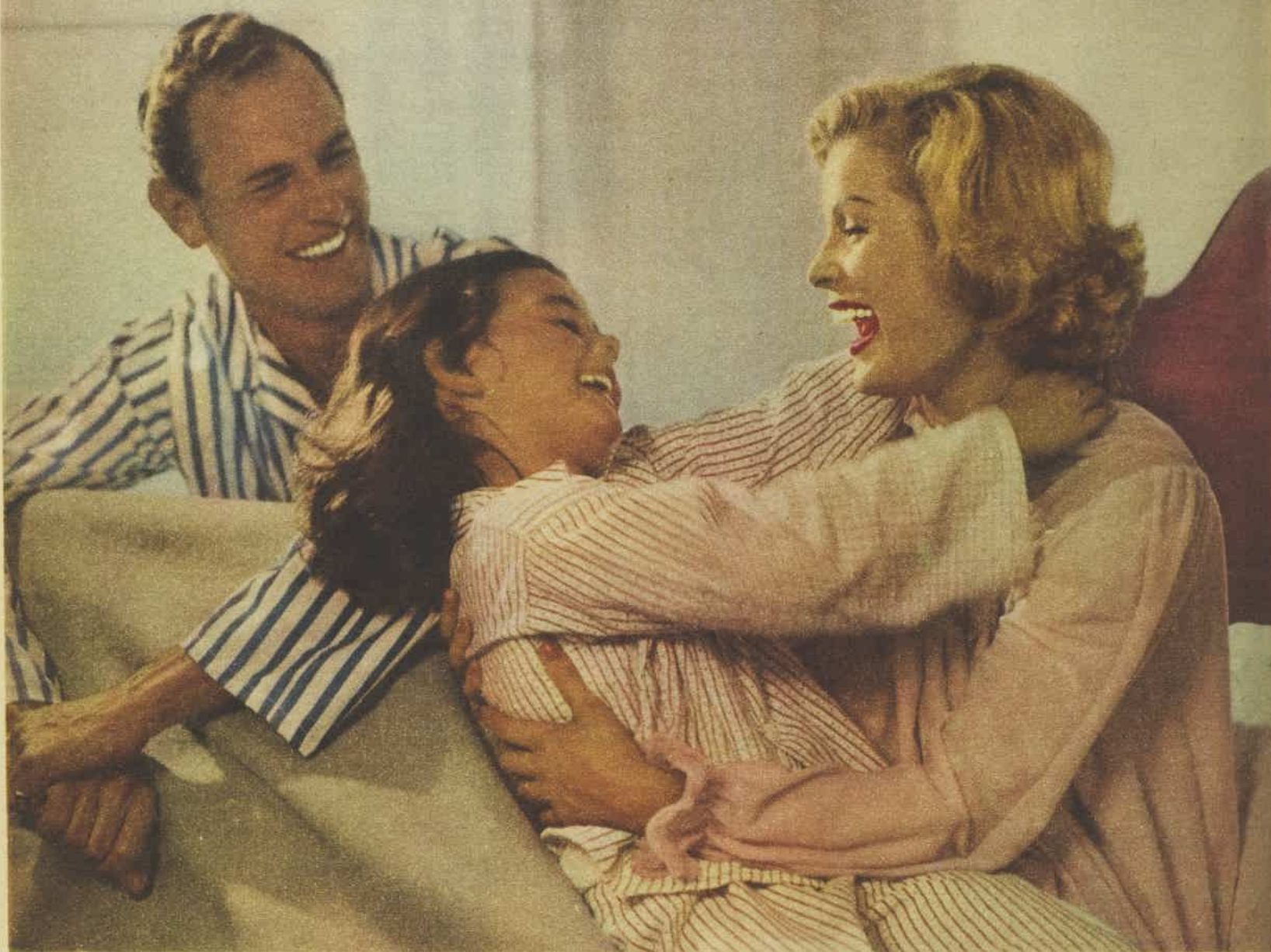
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 22, 1960

his hand when I halted him. Whether he'd have used it is another pair of shoes. I think not, but it won't do to run the risk of it."

"If it comforts you, you may know that I have already told Richmond this—however amusing the repercussion of his exploit may have been such pranks are really quite unworthy of him," said Vincent languidly.

"It would comfort me much more if I felt I could leave the matter in your hands. Richmond won't confide in me. It's not to be expected he should."

"But he has given you his assurance that he is not engaged in any such nefarious occupation as smuggling," interpolated Vincent in a voice of silk.

"Ay, he's done that," admitted Hugo. He was silent for a moment, gazing meditatively ahead, between his horse's ears. "I've no reason to doubt his word, and it goes against the pluck with me to do so, but I think he lied to me."

"I cannot supply you with any reason for doubting him, but I can, and will, supply you with one for accepting his word," said Vincent, his eyes hard and contemptuous. "Richmond, my dear coz, was born into, and reared in, an order of society whose members do not commonly give lying assurances or engage in criminal pursuits. It is inconceivable that Richmond, a Darracott, would entertain for one instant the thought that he might join a gang of such vulgar persons as free-traders. I trust I have made myself plain?"

"You've done that, right enough," Hugo replied. You've made me a fine, top-lofty speech about Richmond's birth and rearing; his birth's well enough, but his rearing was as bad as it could be. Sithee, Vincent, you know that. I know it, too. When you were at Eton, I was at Harrow, and what hadn't been clouted into me by my granddad I learned there."

He paused, and the twinkle came back into his eyes. "And there wasn't so very much to learn either," he added. "Reet vulgar he was, my granddad, but worth a score of any Darracott I've yet laid eyes on."

They had ridden into the stable yard by this time, and as their grooms had already come out to take charge of the horses Vincent's sense of ton prevented him from making any reply which he considered to be worthy of the occasion.

He strode out of the yard without vouchsafing a word either to his cousin or to his servant; and after exchanging a few observations with John Joseph the Major followed

Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 51

him in his leisurely way to the house.

The post had been brought up from the receiving office during his absence, and a thick letter, addressed to himself, and stamped "Post Paid," lay on the table by the door. He had just broken the wafer that sealed it, and spread open three closely written sheets, when Chollacombe came into the hall to tell him that my lord desired to see him in the library as soon as might be convenient to him.

The Major, already perusing the lengthy communication sent him by one Jonas Henry Poulton, acknowledged this message with an abstracted grunt, neither looking up from the letter in his hand nor evincing the smallest disposition to make all speed to his grandfather's presence. Chollacombe coughed deprecatingly, and said: "His lordship, sir, is anxious to see you, I fancy."

The Major nodded. "Yes, very well. I heard you. I'll go to him as soon as I've changed my clothes. Send Ferring up to my room, will you, Chollacombe?"

Chollacombe sighed and went away, knowing from experience how useless it would be to remind the Major of this circumstance, or to hint to him that my lord was sadly out of temper.

The Major discovered this for himself when he walked into the library some twenty minutes later. When last seen by him my lord had been unusually amiable; his brow was now thunderous. He was standing with his back to the fireplace, and he greeted his huge grandson with a fierce scowl, and a barked demand to know where he had been.

"Over into Sussex, sir," replied the Major, shutting the door. "Was there something you wanted me to do? I'm sorry."

Lord Darracott seemed to be exerting himself to curb his temper. He did not answer the Major, but said abruptly: "I sent for you because I've had a letter from your uncle Matthew. I don't know what maggot's in his head, or where he came by the information he has sent me. He's a fool, and always was. Anyone could gull him!"

The Major, though of the opinion that Matthew had rather more common sense than any other member of the family, allowed this unflattering estimate to pass without comment, and waited with patience and equanimity for my lord to reach the kernel of

whatever piece of information had raised his ire.

"My son writes to inform me that that fellow — your maternal grandfather! — was the head of some curst firm or other — I don't know anything about such things! — that goes by the name of Bray & Poulton. Is that so?"

The Major nodded. "Ay, that's so. He was its founder. Uncle Jonas Henry is the head of it now, but—"

"Uncle!" interrupted his lordship. "You told me you had none!"



"Well, this ought to make the farmers happy."

"Nay, he's no kith of mine," replied Hugo soothingly. "It was what I used to call him when I was a lad myself, and he was the best weaver in the valley. He was a prime favorite with my granddad, but it wasn't until near the back-end of his life that Granddad took him into partnership — having no one but me to succeed him, who hadn't been bred to the wool trade."

"Are you telling me, sir, that your maternal grandfather was a mill owner?" thundered my lord.

"Why, yes!" replied Hugo smiling. "That's what he rose to be, though he started as a weaver, like his father before him. He was as shrewd as he could hold together, my granddad."

Stunned by this disclosure, it was several moments before his lordship was able to command his voice enough to utter: "A man of substance?"

"Ay, he was well to pass," replied the Major. "He was one

of the first to buy Cartwright's loom — not the one they use now: that didn't come till a matter of a dozen years later; but a queer old machine you'd think even-down antiquated today. All that was long before I was born or thought of: by the time I was out of short coats such things weren't considered newfangled any more, and the mill, which the better part of Huddersfield said Granddad had run mad to build, was doing fine!" Today, the name of Bray is known to the wool trade the world over.

This intelligence did not appear to afford Lord Darracott the smallest gratification. He said, in the voice of one goaded to exasperation: "I know nothing about mills, and care less: Answer me this, sir! Is it true, what your uncle writes me — that you inherited a fortune from Bray?"

"Well," replied the Major cautiously, "I don't know just what you'd call a fortune, sir. I'd say myself I was pretty well-inlaid."

"Don't come any nifty-naffy, shabby-genteel airs over me!" barked his lordship. "Tell me how much you're worth!"

The Major rubbed his nose. "Nay, that's what I can't do!" he confessed.

"You can't eh? Trust Matthew to exaggerate out of all recognition! Why can't you?"

"I don't know myself, sir," said Hugo frankly.

"What do you mean by that, idiot?" demanded his lordship. "Presumably you know what your grandfather left you!"

"Oh, I know what his private fortune was reet enough!" said Hugo. "It's invested mostly in the funds, and brings in between fifteen and sixteen thousands pounds a year; but that's not the whole of it. I've a sizeable share in the mill over and above that. I can't tell you what that may be worth to me."

"Times have been bad lately, what with Luddite riots, and the depression that followed close on the peace. The harvests were bad last year, too; my uncle Jonas Henry wrote me that in Yorkshire wheat rose to above a guinea the bushel. However, things seem to be on the mend now, so—"

"Are you telling me that Bray cut up to the tune of half a million?" said my lord, in a strange voice.

"It would be about that figure—apart from the mill," Hugo agreed.

Lord Darracott was shaken by a sudden gust of rage: "How dared you, sir, deceive me?" he exclaimed.

"Nay then! I never did so," Hugo reminded him. "It was in this very room that I told you I'd plenty of brass."

"I remember! I supposed you to be referring to prizemoney—as you knew!"

Hugo smiled down at him. "And I told you that my other grandfather had left his brass to me. You said I might do what I pleased with my granddad's savings, but that you wanted to hear no more of them or him. So I didn't tell you any more, for, to own the truth, sir, I was better suited, at that time, to keep my tongue between my teeth until I'd had time to look about me. What's more," he added reminiscently, "I wasn't settling to remain here above a sennight — particularly when you told me you had it all settled I was to wed my cousin Anthea."

Lord Darracott stared at him, his lips tightly gripped together, and his eyes smouldering. He did not speak, but after a moment went to the wing-chair on one side of the fireplace and sat down, his hands grasping its arms. The Major

sat down, too, saying: "Happen it's as well my uncle wrote to you, for it's time we reached an understanding. It chances that I'd a letter myself by today's post, from Uncle Jonas Henry."

He chuckled. "Seemingly he's as throng as he can be, and a trifle hackled with me for loitering here. I shall have to post off to Huddersfield next week, sir — and a bear-garden jaw I'll get when I arrive there, if I know Jonas Henry!"

Lord Darracott said, with an effort: "Have the goodness to tell me whether you mean to return or to stay there!"

"Nay, that's for you to say, sir."

The fierce old eyes flashed. "I have no hold over you!"

The Major considered him, not unsympathetically. "Well, that's true enough, of course, but don't fatch yourself over it, sir! If you're thinking of the brass, I'll tell you to your head it makes no difference: you'd have had no hold over me any road. But all the brass in the world wouldn't help me to cross this threshold if you didn't choose to let me."

His lordship gave a contemptuous snort, but said in a milder tone: "Well, what do you mean to do?"

"Unless you dislike it, I'd choose, once I've settled my affairs, and talked things over with Jonas Henry — I'm by way of being his sleeping partner you see — to come back. I'd be very well suited if you'd let me have the Dower House. If not—well, there's my grandfather's house above Huddersfield, or I might buy a house in

the Shires, perhaps. Time enough to decide what I'll do — and maybe it won't be for me to decide, either."

Lord Darracott looked intently at him. "Am I to understand you mean to marry Anthea?"

"If she'll have me," said the Major simply.

"She should be flattered. In these hurly-burly times I don't doubt your fortune will make you acceptable to any female. I dare swear every matchmaking mother in town will cast out lures to you; you have only to throw the handkerchief!" said my lord sardonically.

"Well, as I'm doing no throwing of handkerchiefs we'll never know if you're right. If my cousin won't have me—eh, that doesn't bear thinking about!"

"H'm! Does she know what your circumstances are?"

"Well, I told her, but she didn't believe a word of it," replied Hugo. "And what she's going to say when she finds I wasn't trying to bamboozle her has me in the devil of a quake!" he confessed.

His lordship returned no answer to this, but said: "What's your purpose in wishing to live here while I'm above ground?"

"Much what yours was, when you sent for me, sir. Since I must succeed you, it will be as well your people should know me, and I them. I've a lot to learn, too, about the management of estates, for that's something that's never come in my way."

He paused, returning my

To page 62

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BIG BUSINESS



lord's gaze very steadily. "All to one, they're in bad shape, sir, so happen it's a good thing I've plenty of brass."

"Ah!" My lord's hands clenched. "We come to it at last, do we? I don't need you to tell me my land's in bad heart! I know better by far than you what is crying out to be done, and what it would cost to do it. But if you think to make yourself master here in my time, you may take your brass, as you call it, to hell with you!"

"Nay, that's foolishness, sir!" Hugo remonstrated. "I've no wish to be master here. But soon or late it will be my fortune that sets matters to rights, and I'd liefer it was soon. If I put money into the place, I'll not be kept in the dark about any question that properly concerns me, but I'll be no more master than Glossop is. I'd be the junior partner."

"I'll brook no interference from you or anyone with what's my own!" declared his lordship. "You'd like to make me your pensioner, wouldn't you?"

"There's nothing I'd like less," replied Hugo. "And what you do with your own is none of my business. But what's done with settled estates you won't deny is very much my business. I'm not such a dummy that I can't see for myself that there have been things done the trustees never knew of, for they'd not have consented to what's nothing more nor less than waste."

"Are you threatening me?" demanded his lordship.

HUGO shook his head. "No, sir. I'll set things to rights, and keep 'em so. That's all."

"It is, is it?" said his lordship, eyeing him with grim humor. "I begin to think that you're an encroaching, managing fellow, Hugh!"

Hugo chuckled. "Ay, but happen you'll grow accustomed to me, for you need someone to manage for you, other than your lackey." He got up, and stood, looking down at his lordship's brooding countenance. "You sent for me to lick me into shape, sir. It may

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be that I'm not quite such a Jack Pudding as I let you think. I own, it was a ramshackle thing to do, but when I saw how there wasn't one among you that didn't believe I'd been reared in a hovel, I could not more resist trying how much I could make you swallow than I could stop drawing breath.

"But by what road you thought I came by a commission in such a regiment as mine, if I'd been an unlettered rustic, heaven only knows! I got my schooling at Harrow, sir! However, when it comes to the management of large estates, I'm no better than a raw recruit—and that's what I'm hoping you mean to teach me."

A gleam shone in his lordship's eyes. "At the end of which time you'll be ruling the roost, I collect!"

"Nay, if I'm here at all I'll be leg-shackled, and no spirit left in me!" replied the Major. "Never you fear, sir! A terrible shrew she is, the lass I've set my heart on!"

The first person to learn the news was Vincent, entering the library not ten minutes after Hugo had left it. When his grandfather told him bluntly that his cousin was the grandson of a wealthy mill owner, and plump enough in the pocket to be able to buy an Abbey, he stared at him, his eyes glittering, and his mouth thin with bitterness.

When he at last spoke, it was with his usual languor, but in a voice that had a cutting edge to it. "So!" he said. He drew out his snuff-box. "I felicitate you, sir!"

Lord Darracott gave a sardonic grunt, but said: "So you may! He's prepared to bring the place about."

Vincent flicked a grain of snuff from his sleeves. "Handsome! Does he happen to have the smallest notion how much money he will be obliged to drop to restore the Darracott fortune?"

"He seems to have a good many more notions than I

knew!" replied his lordship harshly. "He may or he may not have that one, and he's not likely to care; he won't easily break his back! He's worth half a million at the least computation."

"Half a million—!" Vincent ejaculated. His mouth smiled unpleasantly. "That mongrel cur, Ajax!"

His lordship laughed shortly. "Ironical, ain't it? He as good as told me I'd rendered myself open to an action at law!"

"You do not surprise me at all, sir: I always thought you were over-sanguine in believing he could be brought up to the rig."

"Oh, he was within his rights!" said his lordship unexpectedly. "It put me out of temper, but I'm not sure I don't like him the better for showing fight. He may have hoaxed us all, impudent dog; but he's no shuffler. It's a pity he was ever born, but I'll say this for him: he's the only one among you that ain't a blood-sucker!" He added, on a note of satisfaction: "He means to marry Anthea, too, so that takes her off my hands."

"Yes, that has been very obvious," answered Vincent. "I must certainly be the first to congratulate her on her good fortune!"

Since he encountered her in the hall, on her return from a carriage-drive with Mrs. Darracott, he was not only the first to congratulate her on her good fortune, but the first to inform her of it. She lifted her brows, asking him what he meant. He replied, with exaggerated surprise: "But, my dearest cousin, what could I possibly mean? How could you think I should be backward in offering you my felicitations on your forthcoming marriage?"

Her smile was quite as satirical as his. "Am I about to be married? I did not know it."

"Then I have not been backward but premature, which is much worse—quite unworthy

of me, indeed! Between such old friends as we are, however, the conveniences need not be too strictly regarded. Dear Anthea, don't, I do most earnestly counsel you, let such a prize slip through your fingers! Believe me, once he shows his front in town there will be girls past counting on the catch for him! I would not, on any account, play fast and loose, though I feel sure you do it charmingly. One does not—if one is a Darracott!—play fast and loose with a fortune!"

She began to look genuinely amused. "Ah, I understand you now! When do you mean to stop allowing Hugo to hoax you? I was used to think you the most knowing one in the family, too!"

"Did you, my sweet? That comforts me, for I was used to think so myself, until I discovered that I must yield priority to you."

"Vincent, what are you talking about?" she asked patiently. "Why, Hugo's fortune, of course!" he said.

She burst out laughing. "He hasn't a fortune, Vincent!"

"What a day of surprises this is!" he remarked. "Do you know, I never dreamed you were possessed of such large ideas? For myself, I should be content with a quarter of a million pounds!"

"I should think you might indeed be! You don't imagine, surely, that Hugo has a quarter of a million pounds?"

"No, no, nothing so paltry! Half a million at the least!"

She was still amused, but a puzzled frown gathered on her brow. "I hope you mean to tell me why you are trying to gammon me!" she said. "If Hugo told you he had a huge fortune—"

"I shouldn't have believed him, of course," he interrupted. "The news, dear Anthea, came from my father."

The smile had vanished from her lips; she stared incredulously, growing a little pale. "It's not true!"

"Oh, weren't you aware of it? I am disappointed: I was thinking you the only pro-

vident member of the family! Yes: half a million, in the Funds. Quite a genteel fortune! Then there is his share in the mill—not, perhaps so genteel, but I daresay you won't despise it."

"I don't believe it!" she exclaimed impetuously.

He looked at her, his brows raised. "Do you know, I begin to think you really were unaware of your good fortune?" he said.

She returned no answer, but stood perfectly still, an expression of shocked dismay in her eyes.

VINCENT laughed, and sauntered away, and for a full minute she remained at the foot of the staircase, one gloved hand tightly gripping the carved baluster. Recovering slightly from her stupor, she set her foot on the first stair, and then, on a sudden impulse, turned back, determined to find the Major immediately.

She ran him presently to earth in one of the smaller saloons, engaged in writing a soothing reply to his partner's letter. "So here you are!" she exclaimed. "I have been searching all over for you! You will please explain to me, at once, how Vincent came by this—this cock-and-bull story he has just told me!"

He looked round, his pen in his hand, and said admiringly, "Eh, you do look pretty, love!"

"Never mind how I look! Vincent says—Hugo, you haven't a large fortune, have you?"

"Nay, lass!" he said in a pained tone. "I told you I had!"

She gazed at him, horrified. "I thought you were funning! I never dreamed—! Oh, how could you?"

He laid the pen down, and got up, and went towards her. "Oh, it was none of my doing!" he assured her. "Granddad added it, and, having no other chick of child, he just left it to me."

"Half a million pounds?" she said in tones of revulsion.

"Something like that," he nodded.

"Oh, how—how horrible!" she uttered.

"Nay, love, I thought you'd be pleased!" he expostulated.

"Pleased?"

"Of course I did! Why, you told me yourself you meant to marry a man of large fortune! Mind, I was a trifle shocked to find you were so mercenary, but—"

"You knew very well I was joking you! I would never have said such a thing if I'd had the least notion—Oh, how abominable you are!" she said indignantly.

"Now, how was I to know that?"

"Then I marvel at it that you still wished to offer for me!" she said.

"Well," he confessed, looking sheepish. "I'd gone so far I couldn't for the life of me see how to hedge off."

Miss Darracott said bitterly: "I might have guessed you were only waiting for the chance to say something outrageous! Well, you can hedge off now, sir!"

"It's too late, lass," he said, with a heavy sigh. "I'd have everyone saying I'd conducted myself reet shabbily."

"That needn't trouble you! I will engage to make it very plain to all that I refused your obliging offer! As for people saying you had behaved shabbily, what, pray, do you think they would say of me if I married you? Cream-pot love is what t.t.y'd say! Vincent is doing so already! He—he thinks I knew the truth from the start, and— and set my cap at you, just because I wished to be wealthy! And I don't!" declared Miss Darracott.

Perceiving that she was having great difficulty in finding her handkerchief, the Major kindly gave her his own. She took it, casting a wet but darkened glance at him, angrily dried her eyes, and informed him that she never cried but when she was enraged.

"If ever I met such a naggy lass!" observed the Major, recovering his handkerchief, and contriving, at the same time, to put his arm round her. "Now don't cry, love! We can soon set things to rights! How much money would you like to have?"

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everyone else will say, or, at any rate, think!" she interrupted.

"Oh, dear. I daresay it sounds foolish to you, and I know I told you I was mercenary, but I'm not, Hugo! Only think how it would appear to everyone! As though I had been determined before ever I saw you not to let your odious fortune slip through my hands!"

He patted her consolingly. "You needn't worry about that, love. When people see you wearing the same bonnet for years on end they'll never think you married me for my fortune."

"As nothing would induce me to wear the same bonnet for years on end—"

"You'll have to," he said simply. "I'm a terrible nip-farthing."

"It'll take a deal of coaxing to get as much as a groat out of me. I hadn't meant to tell you, but I wouldn't want to take advantage of you, and if you were thinking I'm not one to cut up stiff over the hills, or—"

She looked up at him with such a startled expression on her face that his deep chuckle escaped him, and he lifted her quite off her feet, and kissed her.

Scandalised by such impropriety, Miss Darracott commanded him to set her down immediately, on pain of never being spoken to by her again. This threat cowed him into obedience, and Miss Darracott

cott, considerably flushed and ruffled, was just about to favor him with her opinion of his conduct when Claud walked into the room, thus saving his large cousin from annihilation.

Claud had come in search of him, the news of his affluence having by this time reached him. He could scarcely have

FROM THE BIBLE

• "When I am weak, then am I strong."

— 2 Corinthians 12.10.

This paradox is in Paul's second letter to the people of Corinth. He says that when he is weak he is not wilful or self-assertive, thus he is strong. He bows himself and his will to that of the Lord. Who can give him strength equal to the task.

been more delighted had he himself suddenly inherited a fortune, for he instantly perceived that now more than ever would Hugo need a guiding hand, particularly in the choice of a suitable town residence, and its furnishing.

Since he lived modestly in two rooms in Duke Street, there was little scope for his genius in his own abode, a circumstance which made him look forward with intense pleasure to the prospect of being able to lavish his skill not merely on a drawing-room or a saloon, but on an entire house, from attics to basement. "It'll be something like!" he assured Hugo. "Just you leave it to me, old fellow! No need for you to worry yourself over it! You dub up the possibilities, and I'll lay 'em out to the best advantage. Yes, and don't, on any account, enter into a treaty for a house behind my back! You'd be diddled, as sure as check, because it stands to reason you can't know your way about in London."

"Anthea don't know, either, so it's no use thinking you can leave it to her. As likely as not she'd land you in Russell Square, all among the Cits and the bankers, or Upper Grosvenor Street, miles from anywhere."

This was a little too much for Miss Darracott. "Have no fear!" she said coldly. "Indeed, I can't conceive why you should suppose I should wish to choose a house for Hugo!"

"Dash it, you're going to marry him, aren't you?" said Claud. "We all know that!"

"You know nothing of the sort!" she declared hotly.

"Dash it!" said Claud. "It's as plain as a pikestaff! You can't go about smelling of April and May, the pair of you, and then expect to gull people into thinking you don't mean to get riveted!"

"That's dished me!" said the Major fatalistically.

"I'll tell you what!" said Claud, engrossed in his vicarious schemes. "we'll take a trip to the village next week, and see what's to be had!"

"Nay, we'll do no such thing!" intervened Hugo in some haste. "I'm off to Huddersfield next week."

Anthea, making a dignified exit, looked back involuntarily. "Going away! Oh—oh, are you? Will you be making a long stay in Yorkshire?"

"Not a day longer than I must," replied Hugo, smiling at her so warmly that she felt herself blushing, and retired in shaken order.

In all but one quarter, the news of Hugo's wealth was very well received. Ferring, in particular, becoming so puffed-up that his uncle felt obliged to snub him severely.

My lord came to dinner in a mood of unprecedented amiability; and Mrs. Darracott told her affronted daughter that fortune was the one thing needed to make dear Hugo wholly acceptable.

"Mama, how can you?" exclaimed Anthea.

"Well, my love, it is a great piece of nonsense to pretend that life is not very much more comfortable when one can command its elegancies," replied Mrs. Darracott, with one of her disconcerting flashes of common sense.

"I liked Hugo from the outset, but although I very soon perceived that he was just the man to make you happy, I could not wish you to marry him when I believed it meant that you would be obliged to live here, dependent on your grandfather! But he has been telling me about his scheme to furnish up the Dower House, if you should not dislike it—and I can't think why you should, dearest, for he says the ghost is nothing more than Spurstow, trying to keep everyone away, which wouldn't surprise me in the least, for I always disliked that man, and even if there is a ghost it cannot possibly be more disagreeable to live with than your grandfather! And only think, Anthea! Dear Hugo wishes me to live there, too! Of course, I said I should not, but I was very much affected; indeed, I cried a little!" She paused, to dry the tears that were again rolling down her cheeks. "He couldn't have been kinder if he had been my own son!"

she disclosed. "And although I wouldn't press you for the world, my dearest child, I did tell him that nothing would make me happier than to see you married to him. And as for not marrying him because he is much wealthier than we knew, I never heard anything so absurd in my life!"

MISS DARRACOTT, revolted by the knowledge that the better part of her family was apparently waiting in hourly expectation of receiving the news of her betrothal, roundly informed her suitor next day that nothing would induce her to gratify a set of persons whom she very improperly described as vulgar, prying busybodies.

The Major received this declaration with perfect equanimity, even going so far as to say he would be very well suited to postpone the announcement of the engagement until (as he phrased it) they were shut of his Uncle Matthew's family. "That won't be long after I get back from Huddersfield, from what my Aunt Aurelia was saying t'other evening. I'll have to go there, love, because when I was recalled, before Waterloo, I'd no time to do more than pitch all my affairs back into Jonas Henry's lap, as you might say. Tell me another thing! Do you think Richmond would care to go with me?"

She looked quickly at him. "Richmond! Why, Hugo?"

He said, with one of his most innocent stares: "Just for company. Happen he'd be interested to see something more of the country than he's yet had the chance to."

"I should think he would like very much to go, but I do not think that that's what you have in your head," she said shrewdly. "I know you don't mean to tell me what it is, so I shan't waste my breath in trying to persuade you to do so. I only wish you may

prevail upon Grandpapa to let Richmond go with you, but I very much doubt that you will. He is suspicious of you, Hugo; did you know that? He is afraid you may foster Richmond's military ambition."

He nodded. "Yes, I know that, and he's in the right of it, think on! I'm going to do more than that, and that's another reason, love, why you should marry me!"

This was an opening not to be ignored: "You mean, I collect," said Anthea thoughtfully, "that you won't help Richmond unless I do marry you."

"No, love," responded the Major gently, "I'm not holding a pistol to your head. I'll do what I can for Richmond in any event, but I'd be standing in a far better position if I were his brother-in-law and not merely one of his cousins."

She drew an audible breath. "What a delightful thing it is to know that if I'm such a wet-goose as to marry you I shall be able to depend on having a husband who won't hesitate to take the wind out of my eye every time I try to get a

point the better of him!" she remarked.

"And let me tell you," she added, with strong indignation, "that that wounded look doesn't move me in the least, because nothing will make me believe you didn't know very well that I was trying to roast you!"

Richmond's first reaction to the invitation to accompany his cousin to Yorkshire was a sparkling look of surprised pleasure. This was followed almost immediately, however, by a slight withdrawal. He said, stammering a little: "Thank you! I should be very happy—I should like to—but—I don't know! It might not be possible: Grandpapa . . ."

"Nay, that won't fadge!" said Hugo, with a grin. "You can bring Grandpapa round your thumb if you wish to!"

Richmond laughed. "Not always! When do you mean to set out?"

"On Wednesday next, but if that doesn't do for you I could

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'Both doing well'



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change the date," replied Hugo obligingly.

"Not till Wednesday! Oh!" Richmond said. He glanced up, feeling his cousin's inscrutable blue gaze to be fixed on him, colored, saying quickly: "That should give me time to bring him round my thumb! Thank you! I'd like to go with you—if I can do it."

It seemed to Hugo that his hesitation had its root in something other than doubt of winning Lord Darracott's consent, but what this could be was difficult to guess. Had the moon been on the wane Hugo would have suspected that he had engaged himself to pick up, from the Seamew, a dropped cargo; but smuggling craft did not put to sea on moonlit nights, and it would be several days yet before the moon reached the full.

If there was a run cargo lying concealed in the Dower House, it seemed improbable that Richmond should consider it necessary to take any part in its removal. The possibility that he might prefer the excitement of such a venture to an expedition into Yorkshire did occur to the Major, but he discarded it: Richmond had been within an ace of jumping at the chance offered him, and subsequent hesitation had clearly been due to an undisclosed afterthought.

The Major knew better than to question him. Richmond had made it plain that he was not going to confide in him; and to persist in interrogating him would serve no other purpose than to arouse his hostility. It seemed unpleasantly probable that Richmond, regarding his

cousin as a foe to beware of, was only waiting until he should be out of the way to prosecute whatever illicit undertaking it was that he had on hand.

This unwelcome suspicion was not laid to rest by the discovery that Richmond had at least told Lord Darracott of the offered treat! When his lordship was alone with his elder grandsons that evening, the ladies of the party, and also Richmond, who rarely kept late hours, having retired to bed, he bent one of his more intimidating stares upon the Major and demanded to be told what he meant by inviting Richmond on a tedious journey that was certain to knock him up.

"I don't think it would knock him up, sir," replied Hugo.

"Much you know!" barked his lordship. "Your way of travel won't do for Richmond, let me tell you!"

"Never fear!" said Hugo, an appreciative twinkle in his eye. "I'll be travelling post, and it's no matter to me how many times I break the journey: I won't let the lad be knocked-up!"

"I'd be glad of the lad's company, I'll see he takes no harm, I think he'd enjoy it, and that's all there is to it."

His deep, unperturbed voice seemed to exercise a soothing effect upon Lord Darracott. After glaring for a moment he informed Hugo, disagreeably, but in a milder tone, that Richmond would find nothing whatsoever to interest him in such a place as Huddersfield.

Driven out of this position, as he very soon was, he lost his

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temper, and said, gripping the arms of his chair: "Very well, sir, if you will have it, you may! The less Richmond sees of you the better I shall be pleased! I've had trouble enough with him without wishing for more! Before you came here, to set him off again, he was in a fair way to forgetting a crack-brained notion he took into his head that nothing would do for him but to join the Army."

Hugo stood looking down at him impassively; but it was Vincent who spoke. He had been listening with an expression on his face of sardonic amusement, but at this point he said, unexpectedly: "I fear, sir, to judge by the confidences made to me when I took Richmond to Sevenoaks he has by no means forgotten that crack-brained notion. He was, in fact, a dead bore on the subject."

Lord Darracott stared at him. "He was, was he? Well, if he hasn't recovered yet, he will presently."

"I'll never give my consent, do you hear? That weakly boy? As well kill him outright!"

Claud said incredulously: "What, is Richmond weakly? I'd never have thought it! Well, what I mean is, he don't seem to me to be happy unless he's careering all over the country on one of his wild horses, or walking for miles after a few wretched pigeons, or tossing about in that boat of his! I should think the Army would suit him down to the ground, for they always seem to be drilling, or manoeuvring, or doing something dashed un-

restful, and that's just what Richmond is — unrestful!"

"Will you hold your tongue?" said his lordship violently.

"It goes against the grain with me to agree with Claud," drawled Vincent. "but honesty compels me to own that there is much in what he says, sir."

"So you're in this, are you?" said his lordship dangerously. "What do you imagine it has to do with you?"

"Nothing at all, sir. I am merely curious. Forgive me if the question is impertinent, but have you any other reason than Richmond's supposed sickliness for holding a military career in abhorrence?"

"One of them should be obvious to you!" flashed his lordship. "I had a son who embraced a military career!"

"Well, if that don't cap the globe!" gasped Claud. "No, dash it, sir!"

"Nay, I've a broad back!" said Hugo, rather amused.

"Really, I had no intention of being so maladroit!" sighed Vincent. "I fancy — but I am wretchedly ignorant on the subject of military customs! — that it is seldom that junior officers ally themselves with the daughters of — er — wealthy mill-owners." He smiled wryly at his grandfather. "No, don't. I implore you, sir, put me under the obligation of apologising to Hugo for drawing down your fire upon his head, for I should dislike it excessively! Is it permissible to ask what you do mean to do with Richmond?"

"No! Nor need you trouble yourself over the boy!" said his lordship curtly. "I'll take care of his future!"

"I am sure you will," said Vincent. "But the thought that he might perhaps — er — take care of it for himself does just faintly occur to me."

"Richmond is under age! By the time he's twenty-one he will have forgotten he ever so much as thought of the Army! Depend upon it, it's nothing more than a trumpery, boy's wish to peacock about in a jack-a-dandy Hussar's uniform! I knew that as soon as he blurted out that it was a Hussar regiment he had in his mind. Well, I'm not squandering a thousand pounds, or whatever the

sum is, on a cornetcy which the silly boy would wish he'd never asked me for by the time he'd spent a month in the Army!"

"It would be very expensive," agreed Vincent. "We have one among us, however, so full of — er — juice, as to be able to stand the nonsense, if he chose to do it." He turned his head to survey Hugo. "Would you choose to do it?" he inquired.

It was not the moment Hugo would have selected for the broaching of so ticklish a subject, but he nodded. The result was much what he had foreseen. Lord Darracott's wrath boiled over. It was

it is within his power to meddle with Richmond's future."

"So you were being benevolent, were you?" said his lordship, on a jeering note. "And since when have you cared the snap of your fingers for Richmond's future?"

A slight frown appeared between Vincent's brows. "I don't know that I do care for it, sir. I have a certain amount of affection for him, but I confess it wouldn't prompt me to concern myself in his affairs if I could be perfectly sure that frustrating the only ambition he appears to have would not lead to trouble."

"Balderdash!" said his lordship impatiently. "What put that rubbishy notion into your head?"



to Hugo that he addressed himself, but so menacing was his mien, and so unbridled his tongue, that Claud, fearful that he might become the next target, edged his way to the door and, opening it with great stealth, made good his escape.

Hugo, reminding Vincent irresistibly of a rock battered by the waves, waited, with an unmoved countenance, for his lordship's eloquence to expend itself. All he said, at the end of a comprehensive denunciation, was: "Well, it wouldn't be seemly if I were to start a flight with you, sir, so happen I'd best say goodnight."

"I'd buy a cornetcy for Richmond tomorrow, if I were his guardian, but as I'm not there's no reason that I can see why you should be at the house-top."

He then smiled amiably upon his seething grandsire, nodded to Vincent, and went unhurriedly out of the room.

"It was put there by your upstart."

"I might have guessed it was he! Much he knows about it!"

Vincent's frown deepened. "Yes, that was more or less what I told him, but the disagreeable truth is that I have a reluctant suspicion that he may be right. He could scarcely have attained his present rank, one presumes, without acquiring considerable experience of striplings of Richmond's age."

"He knows nothing whatsoever about Richmond, whatever he may know of any other boy! I should like to know what trouble he thinks could possibly befall my grandson!" said his lordship contemptuously. "I'd be willing to lay you any odds that his notion of trouble is the sort of scrape I don't doubt Richmond will tumble into, just as you did, and I did, and every one of my sons did! It won't worry me, but I haven't any shabby-genteel moralities, as you may be sure he has! I'll have him know that Richmond's a gentleman! Ay, and a grandson to be proud of, too! There's not one of you that can match him for pluck, for he don't know what fear is! He has the best disposition of any of you, too, and the best looks! Hugh to think he knows the boy better than I do —! It passes the bounds of effrontery!"

"Certainly," said Vincent. "But I am afraid I have expressed myself inaccurately. It is only fair that I should tell you that Hugo cast no slur on Richmond's character. The trouble he has in mind is the sort of dangerous — mischief — a green and headstrong boy might plunge into because he was bored, reckless — as we all know Richmond is! — and too much disappointed to care what risks he ran."

He glanced frowningly at Lord Darracott. "Rather a surprising youth, Richmond," he said slowly. "I collect you didn't know that he hasn't by any means forgotten his ambition; I certainly didn't, until I took him to watch that fight. I can only suppose that he was a trifle carried away, for he has never before favored me with his confidence. I am

quite sure he later regretted it, which makes me wonder how much any of us can do about him."

"Well, don't wonder more!" said his lordship coolly. "Why should he care in you? I know all I need about him, and I'll thank you to mind your own business."

Vincent shrugged, an up. "As you wish, sir, clearly unequal to the so foolishly assumed, but I hope it may be chalked somewhere to my credit and did at least attempt it."

"Oh, don't talk such stuff!" exclaimed his lordship irritably. "Go away before I lose my patience with you."

"Consider me gone, sir," Vincent replied.

He went out of the room he spoke, and walked across the hall to the stairs. Before he had reached it, he came into the house through the still unbolted main door. At sight of him, a shrewd annoyance came into Vincent's eyes, but he said lightly: "Still indulging your lame taste for cigars, I collect?" hesitated, and then, as he said nothing, added, with a grimace: "I am afraid, cost I did more harm than good, or, at any rate, that you are so!"

"I do," said Hugo, just trifle grimly. "And I'm wondering which of the two it was that you meant to do."

"Strange as it may seem to you — it seems very strange to me! — my intentions were admirable. I actually had the smallest desire to set you out with my grandfather's even less to thrust a spoke in your wheel, which is what can't deny I have done."

"There's little chance he'll Richmond go with me to Yorkshire, if that's what you mean," answered Hugo.

"It is precisely what I perceive that I shall be obliged, after all, to offer you an apology."

"Nay, I'll make shift without it. Will you keep your eye on the lad while I'm away?" said Hugo bluntly.

"Yes, coz, I will — if only prove you wrong in your suspicion! By the way, I would if I were you, mention my grandfather!"

"That's the last thing I do!" said Hugo.

"Very prudent! Goodnight," said Vincent, beginning to mount the stairway. At the landing he paused and looked down at Hugo, saying smoothly: "I wonder how it was that contrived, before your arrival, to rub along tolerably well, certainly without falling into disaster? I must confess me to be wholly at a stand to count for it."

"Well, that's something has me in a puzzle, too!" retorted Hugo, a sudden putting the unusual gravity of his countenance to flight.

Vincent raised his brow in faint surprise. "Your truce cousin!" he acknowledged, went on up the stairs.

By the time a somewhat completed breakfast-party met in morning, everyone at Darracott Place knew that the previous day had ended with a scene of no common order, for the like Richmond, whose room were so remote from the library as to put them out of the reach of even such a powerful weapon as Lord Darracott's, had been pleasing intelligence conveyed to them with their cups of chocolate and cans of hot water.

Mrs. Darracott, whose room was situated immediately above the library, carried the news to Lady Aurelia.

"No one seems to know who provoked Lord Darracott, my woman had it from Claud that Hugo slammed out of house in a terrible rage — for my part I don't believe Hugo was in a rage, for the was never a sweeter-tempered, more truly amiable creature born. What makes me quail with apprehension, Aurelia

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is that there seems to be no doubt at all that it was Hugo Lord Darracott quarrelled with!

"There were just the three of them, when we had gone up to bed, and it can't have been Claud, because James told Mrs. Flitwick that he came out of the library long before the end of the quarrel; and it can't have been Vincent, because he stayed with my lord, after Hugo had left the room, and after my lord stopped shouting. But," concluded the widow, with sudden resolution, "if Lord Darracott has dared to endanger my only daughter's happiness, he will have me to reckon with, for where my children are concerned I can be as brave as a lioness, Aurelia, even at the breakfast-table!"

Lady Aurelia nodded her head and pronounced, in a very regal way: "I will see Claud."

But Claud, summoned to his august parent's room before he had finished dressing, was far too peevish to be of any material assistance.

The events of the previous evening having put Vincent in the worst of tempers, it was in anything but a propitious mood that he presently visited Lady Aurelia, nor did the measured speech, with which she favored him, soften his humor. Her ladyship, disclaiming any desire either to know the gist of the quarrel or to listen to excuses, informed him without passion or waste of words that if his cousin and his grandfather were set at loggerheads through his agency he would fall under her deepest displeasure.

That, she said, was all she wished to say to him; and as Vincent was well aware that her fortune, and not his father's humbler portion, was the source of his own allowance, it was quite unnecessary for her to say more.

Pale with anger, he bowed stiffly and replied in a voice of ice: "I do not propose to burden you, ma'am, with an account of what occurred last night, nor can I deny that some unfortunate words of mine were the cause of my grandfather's attack on my cousin. It was not, however, my intention to instigate a quarrel, as I trust I made plain to my cousin. I have only to add that you need be under no apprehension that my dislike of Hugo would, under any circumstances, prompt me to make mischief between him and my grandfather."

"Your character, Vincent, is in many ways unsatisfactory, but I have never found you untruthful," said her ladyship. "I have no hesitation in accepting your assurance, therefore. Pray close the door carefully behind you! The catch is defective."

After this it was not surprising that Vincent, instead of putting in an appearance at the breakfast-table, strode off to the stables and worked off the worst of his spleen by riding at a snapping pace to Rye, where the George provided him with a belated but excellent breakfast.

The breakfast party at Darracott Place was thus reduced to four persons, Anthea having left the room before Claud entered it. Conversation did not flourish. Lord Darracott wore a forbidding scowl, and, beyond nodding curtly to Richmond, paid no attention to anyone; Richmond, as yet uninitiated into the cause of the quarrel, was looking anxious and scarcely spoke.

Claud, after one glance at his grandfather, confined his utterances to what was strictly necessary; and Hugo, finding his companions disinclined for conversation, placidly consumed his customary and sustaining meal.

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It was not until he was about to rise from the table that Lord Darracott broke his silence. Addressing himself to Richmond, he demanded to know how long it was since he had visited his tutor. Without waiting for an answer, he said that Richmond had been idle for weeks and must now resume regular hours of study.

"Yes, Grandpapa. But am I not to go with Hugo?" Richmond asked.

"No, certainly not! You need not look glum, for you would find nothing to interest you in Huddersfield and a great deal to disgust you!"

"The mills would interest me," Richmond said. "I know how sheep are sheared, but I don't know what is done to the

• The honest man must keep faith with himself; his sheet anchor is sincerity.
 — Emerson

fleeces to turn them into cloth, but Hugo says I may see every bit of it if I like. Pray let me go, Grandpapa!"

"I said no, and I meant it!" interrupted his lordship, more peremptorily than it was his custom to speak to Richmond. "I am astonished that you could wish to interest yourself in a cloth mill! You have nothing to do with mills or any other such things, and you will oblige me by not mentioning the subject again!"

He then turned towards Hugo and said: "As for you, I do not know what your purpose is in travelling to Yorkshire, but I trust you mean to dispose of whatever may be your interest in your grandfather's business."

"It is extremely repugnant to me to think that a Darracott, and my heir, should owe any part of his subsistence to it!"

He did not wait for an answer, which was fortunate, since Hugo showed no sign of giving one, but stalked out of the room.

CLAUD, who had listened to him in open-mouthed astonishment, exclaimed: "Dashed if I don't think he's begun to get queer in his attic! Well, what I mean is, hubble-bubble! I don't set up as one of these clever coves, but I've got more sense in my knowledge-box than to say such an addle-brained thing as that! Seems to me it don't make a ha'porth of difference whether you keep the dashed mill, or whether you don't, because that's where all your gingerbread came from, whichever way you look at it. And don't you tell me it's repugnant to him to have you coming down with the derbies, because all I've got to say to that is, Gammon!"

Hugo did not reply. He was watching Richmond, who had gone over to the window, and was staring out, his gaze unfocused. He looked dejected, and Hugo said: "I'm sorry, lad, but happen I'll be able to take you another time."

Richmond turned his head. "Yes, of course. I hope you will, for I should like very much to go with you. Was it that which made him angry last night? He didn't like it, when I told him you'd asked me to go, but he didn't rip up at you. Why did he fly into a passion all at once and quarrel with you?"

"Nay, heaven only knows!" said Hugo. "Well, that's a hummer, if ever I heard one!" said Claud.

"We all know what made him quarrel with you! It was Vincent's doing, of course. Sort of thing he would do, what's more!"

"Vincent?" Richmond said. "That's it," nodded Claud. "If he hadn't stirred the coals, it wouldn't have happened, and I daresay the old gentleman would have let you go with Hugo, but once he'd flung the cat among the pigeons the trap was down."

"He didn't mean to stir the coals," interposed Hugo, seeing the look of bewildered chagrin on Richmond's face. "He certainly took the wrong sow by the ear, but what he wanted to do was to try whether he couldn't get his lordship to listen to reason about you, lad."

"Well, if that's what you think, you don't know Vincent!" said Claud. "Yes, I wish I may see Vincent trying to help Richmond, or anyone else, for that matter! A fine way to help him, asking you whether you'd be willing to purchase a cornet for him! Why, even a regular flat would have seen what he was trying to do!"

Richmond caught his breath, his eyes flying to Hugo's face. "Oh, no! You wouldn't—would you?"

Hugo smiled at him. "Yes, of course I would, but I may not be able to do it until you're of age. You needn't fear I won't make a push to bring his lordship round to the notion, but it'll be best if you, and Vincent, too, leave it to me to choose my own time for coming to grips with him."

Those ridiculously expressive eyes were fairly blazing; Richmond said impetuously: "I'll do anything you say! Hugo, do you mean it? If I'd known—I didn't think there was the least hope, because even when I'm of age I shan't be able to purchase it for myself, and all I thought I could do was to join as a volunteer, which I would, only I want a cavalry regiment m-more than anything else in the world!"

"Hugo, will you lend me the purchase-price? I shan't be able to pay it back for years, because my father didn't leave anything but debts, and Mama's own fortune is very small, but in the end, of course, it will come to me, so—"

"Whoa, lad!" begged Hugo, laughing at this tumbled entreaty. "You keep out of mischief, and I'll make you a present of it for your twenty-first birthday!"

Richmond tried to speak, failed, swallowed convulsively, and managed to jerk out: "Thank you! I can't—You don't know what it means to me! Even if I have to wait—go to Oxford—it doesn't signify! I was thinking there wasn't any hope—! Well, I— Well, thank you!" he ended in a rush. He bestowed a shy, tremulous smile upon his benefactor, and, his feeling threatening to overcome him, ran out of the room.

Claud, who had been regarding him with the sort of mild wonder he might have felt upon being confronted with a freak at Bartholomew Fair, sighed, and shook his head. "What did I tell you?" he said. "It wouldn't surprise me if it turns out he's a trifle queer in his attic, too. I don't say he won't look bang-up to the knocker in Hussar rig."

"Nay, do you think I'm queer in my attic?" expostulated Hugo. "Think? I dashed well know you are! In fact," said Claud frankly, "it's my belief you were born with rats in your upper storey!"

To be concluded

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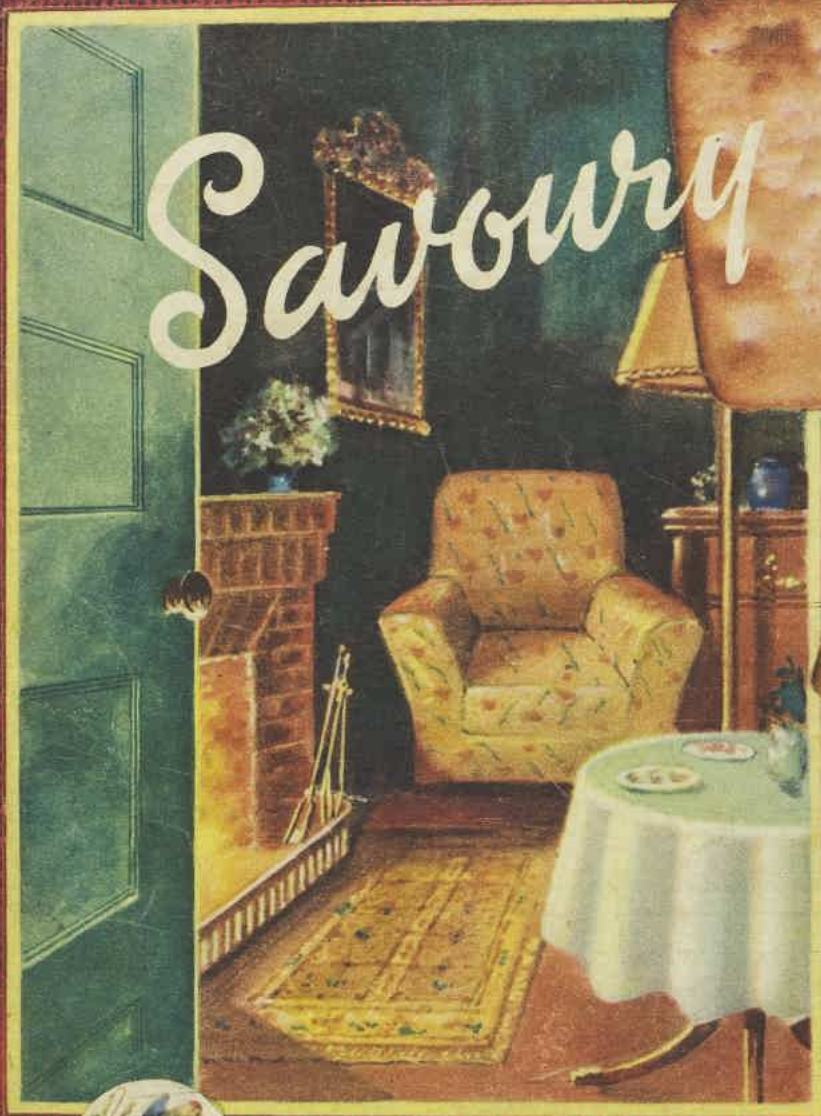
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